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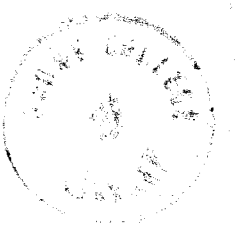

THE FUNDAMENTALS

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

I RESPOND with pleasure to your request for an article on the orthodox side of the controversy that brought forth the reaffirmation of the position of the Presbyterian Church (Northern) last May on the five points mentioned in your letter,—the same pronouncement having been made by the General Assembly held in 1910. The text of the resolution reads as follows:

1. "It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and our standards that the Holy Spirit did so inspire, guide and move the writers of Holy Scripture as to keep them from error."

2. "It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and our standards that our Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

3. "It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and our standards that Christ offered up Himself a sacrifice to satisfy Divine Justice and to reconcile us to God."

4. "It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and of our standards concerning our Lord Jesus Christ, that on the third day He rose again from the dead with the same body with which He suffered, with which also He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth at the right hand of His Father, making intercession."

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5. "It is an essential doctrine of the Word of God as the supreme standard of our faith that our Lord Jesus showed His power and love by working mighty miracles. This working was not contrary to nature, but superior to it."

The resolution was a part of a minority report in the Fosdick case which, upon roll call, was substituted for the majority report by a majority of about eighty. While Dr. Fosdick's connection with the case may receive more attention in some sections, the reaffirmation of the church's attitude was vastly more important because it was the beginning of a movement that seems likely to spread through all the Christian churches throughout the world. The pronouncement discloses a line of cleavage between church members which exists, to a greater or lesser extent, in all the denominations and will necessarily focus attention upon the cause of the controversy.

The questions at issue are so vital and the differences of opinion so great,—in fact, so irreconcilable,—that it is due to the general public, as well as to the church, that the opposing views should be stated with clearness and candor.

I do not mean to bind anyone else either by my conclusions or by the reasons given for them but I am quite sure that my views on this subject are in harmony with the views of a large majority of the members, not only of the Presbyterian church, but of all the churches that call themselves Christian.

The first proposition deals with the doctrine that necessarily comes first, namely, the inerrancy of the Bible. It is declared to be not only true, but "an essential doctrine of the Word of God and our standards, that the Holy Spirit did so inspire, guide and move the writers of Holy Scripture as to keep them from error."

The Bible is either the Word of God or merely a man-made book. If time permitted, I might defend the Christian position and point out as conclusive proof of the Bible's divine origin the fact that the wisest men living today, with

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an inheritance of all the learning of the past, with countless books to consult and great universities on every hand, cannot furnish the equal of, or a substitute for, this book which was compiled from the writings of men largely unlettered, scattered through many centuries and yet producing an unbroken story,—men of a single race and living in a limited area, without the advantages of swift ships or telegraph wires. Why is it that we have made progress along other lines and yet have made no progress in the "Science of How to Love,"—the one science of which the Bible treats? We go back to the Bible for the foundation of our statute law and find that Moses compressed into a few sentences what the learned lawyers of the present day spread over volumes. We find in the Bible also the rules that govern our spiritual development and a moral code the like of which the world had never seen before and to which no improvements have been added throughout the centuries. Shall we accept the Bible as a book by inspiration given or conclude that civilization has so dragged us down that educated men of today cannot do that which was done then by men without the aid of schools? My purpose, however, is not to enter into an extended defense of the Bible but rather to point out that it must either be accepted as the revealed will of God or be dethroned and brought down to the level of the works of men.

When one asserts that the Bible is not infallible, he must measure it by some standard which he considers better authority than the Bible itself. If the Bible is to be rejected as an authority, upon whose authority is it to be condemned? We must have a standard, where shall we find it? When one decides that the Bible is, as a whole or in part, erroneous, he sits in judgment upon it and, looking down from his own infallibility, declares it fallible,—that is, that it contains falsehoods or errors. As no two of the critics of the Bible fully agree as to what part is myth and what part is authentic history, each one, in fact, transfers the presumption of infallibility from the Bible to himself.

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Upon the first proposition all the rest depend. If the Bible is true,—that is, so divinely inspired as to be free from error,—then the second, third, fourth and fifth propositions follow inevitably, because they are based upon what the Bible actually says in language clear and unmistakeable. If, on the other hand, the Bible is not to be accepted as true, there is no reason why anybody should believe anything in it that he objects to, no matter upon what his objection is founded. He need not go to the trouble of giving a reason for it; if he is at liberty to eliminate any passage which he does not like, then no reason is necessary. When the Bible ceases to be an authority—a divine authority—the Word of God can be accepted, rejected, or mutilated, according to the whim or mood of the reader.

The second proposition which declares it to be "an essential doctrine of the Word of God and our standards that our Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary" is really the pivotal point in the present controversy between the so-called liberals and those who are described as conservatives. The action of the General Assembly has so exasperated a number of Presbyterian preachers that they have openly declared that they do not believe in the virgin birth. Why? Because there is any uncertainty in the record of the Saviour's birth as given in Matthew and Luke? No, the account is written in simple language and in detail. Mary was the first one to inquire whether such a birth was possible. The atheists, the agnostics, the infidels, and the doubters, were all anticipated by the Virgin herself. It is fortunate that the question was asked, because the answer to a question is more impressive than a statement which is not drawn out by a question. Luke, being a physician, was in the habit of dealing with childbirth. Who could more fittingly describe this event so important to the world?

Critics say that the virgin birth is only mentioned twice, once in the Gospel of Matthew and once in the Gospel of Luke, but to be entirely fair they ought to explain that no other Bible writers mention Christ's birth. The virgin

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birth is not *contradicted* by any Bible writer, and nearly every writer in the Bible records miracles or supernatural manifestations just as mysterious as the virgin birth.

The virgin birth is no more mysterious than the birth of each of us,—it is simply different. No one without revelation has ever solved the mystery of life, whether it be the life found in man, or in the beast or in the plant. The God who can give life can certainly give it in any way or through any means that may please Him. It was just as easy for God to bring Christ into the World as He did, according to Matthew and Luke, as to bring us into the world as He did. Shall we doubt the *power* of God? If so, we do not believe in God. Or, relying upon our own wisdom, shall we deny that God would *want* to do what He is reported to have done? Who dares to make himself equal in wisdom with God,—as one must be if he knows, without possibility of mistake, what God would or would not do?

If Christ came down from the Father for the purpose of saving the people from their sins, is it unreasonable that His birth should have been different from the birth of others?

The task that Christ came to perform was more than a man's task. No man aspiring to be a God could have done what He did; it required a God condescending to be a man. Is it unreasonable that one who offered himself as a sacrifice for sin, revealed God to man, and guides man by His heaven-born wisdom, should have been conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary? The rejection of the virgin birth not only condemns the Bible record on this subject as false but it changes one's whole conception of Christ and makes it difficult, if not impossible, to present Him as the Bible presents Him.

Those who refuse to believe in the virgin birth must account for Christ's birth in some other way. It is fair to say that most of them regard Jesus as the son of Joseph, conceived in lawful wedlock, unless they prefer to regard Him as the illegitimate child of an immoral woman. We

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would do them no injustice if we called them by some name that would distinguish them from Christians who accept the Bible as true and who believe that Christ was born as Matthew and Luke record.

The so-called liberals seem to think Christians intolerant when they refuse to count those worthy to bear the name of Christians who thus degrade the Son of God and Saviour of the world. Having adjusted themselves to the human theory, they cannot understand why it should shock Christians. As a matter of fact, the liberals are as dogmatic as the conservatives; they call the latter "unintelligent" and "ignorant" and assert,—and they believe it,—that "thinking" people will not join the church unless it allows the Bible to be so modified as to conform to what they call "the results of modern scientific research." The conservatives reply, first, that they have no right to change the Bible; second, that Christianity is intended for *all,* not for the so-called "thinkers" only. The common people who heard Christ gladly have never heard gladly those who would substitute Darwin's guess for the Mosaic record of creation; and, third, that the pure and simple Gospel makes a stronger appeal, than a denatured gospel, to the intellectual as well as to the masses. In support of this they cite the fact that the churches that have adopted what they call the "scientific interpretation of the Bible" have not appealed to any large percentage of the educated and not at all to the average man, whereas the Bible, taken literally, has found followers in every land, among every race and language, among the rich and poor, among the educated and the uneducated. The Bible, as written, speaks a universal language and makes its appeal to the heart of mankind, everywhere. Christianity, being a religion, is built upon the heart, as all religions are; it would cease to be a religion if it appealed to the intellect alone.

What progress can Christianity hope to make if it proclaims to the world that the Bible is full of error and that Jesus was but a man? Have not those who believe Christ

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to be the hope of the world and His plan of salvation the only plan that can raise man to the exalted place for which God intended him, have not such Christians a right to protest against what they believe to be a death-blow to Christianity?

Why do the liberals conceal their views and suppress discussion? If they believe that their interpretation of the Bible is correct, why do they not proclaim it from the housetop? Why do they attempt, by the use of epithets, to terrorize the masses of the church into accepting without proof or even discussion the views of those who put their own authority above the authority of the Bible? Surely we can expect of ministers, even though they call themselves liberal, a standard of honor as high as that which is required in politics. Candidates for office run upon platforms and ask the support only of those who entertain similar views; why should not candidates for pulpits be as frank with those who pay their salaries?

I digress for a moment to answer an oft-repeated assertion, namely, that the church is suppressing "freedom of thought." How can a church exist unless it stands for something? And who shall determine what the church stands for except the church itself? Why should anyone desire to preach for a church unless he agrees with the church? And why should a church permit one to represent it as a preacher who does not believe in the things for which it stands? Will any one contend that a minister who, after an examination, has been given a license to preach, is at liberty to change his views, renounce the doctrines of the church and then insist upon the right to misrepresent the church?

As an *individual,* anyone is free to believe anything he likes or to refuse to believe. That is his privilege in this country and it is a very important privilege which should always be protected. That is the very essence of freedom of conscience. But freedom of conscience belongs to *individuals* only. No man has a right to substitute his con-

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conscience for the conscience of a church or the conscience of a congregation. A preacher who conceals his views from those who pay his salary, knowing when he does so that his salary would terminate if his views were known, is obtaining money under false pretense and is just as guilty of a crime as the man who is sent to the penitentiary for obtaining money on false statements. A congregation has a right to *assume* that a preacher, if an honest man, would not accept a positioin unless his views were in agreement with the views of the church. Some preachers have tried to avoid a statement of their views by declaring non-essential the doctrines they reject,—hence it was necessary for the General Assembly to assert that these doctrines are *essential* as well as true. If a preacher can, by declaring a doctrine non-essential, justify himself in concealing his views on the subject, he can eliminate from the Bible anything he pleases, regardless of what the members of his congregation may regard as essential. The Presbyterian General Assembly has nailed these "essential" doctrines of the church on the front of the pulpit so that the congregation can measure the minister by the church's pronouncement.

But to return to the five points. The third proposition deals with the sacrificial character of the death of Christ. Those who reject the virgin birth quite naturally and for the same reason reject the doctrine of the atonement. They deny that man ever fell; on the contrary, they contend that man has been rising from the beginning and, therefore, needs no Saviour. To such, Christ is just an example, differing in value to different individuals according to the estimate that they place upon His wisdom. Those who reject the atonement and simply search Christ's teachings for advice (if at any time they feel they need His advice) describe the Nazarene in different ways. Some say that He was the most perfect man known to history; others say that He was a man of extraordinary merit; still others believe him an unusual man for His time; while some would simply

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put the title "Mr." before His name and class Him among the well meaning visionaries. To those who strip Christ of His deity, He can mean but little. If they will only take Him out of the *man* class and put him in the *God* class all that the Bible says of Him will be easily understood and gladly accepted.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the rejection of the atonement eliminates the element that has made Christianity a missionary force. In proportion as men reject the doctrine of the atonement their interest in the spread of the gospel is paralyzed. Why cross stormy oceans and endure continuing sacrifices upon the frontiers of the world if mankind does not need a Saviour and Christ was but an ordinary human being? Those who admire and follow uninspired philosophers form literary clubs but not churches; and they send out few—if any—missionaries. Christ founded a spiritual kingdom,—thousands of millions have gloried in His name,—and millions have suffered death rather than surrender the faith that He implanted in their hearts; and this faith is living still, "in spite of dungeons, fire, and sword."

The fourth propositioin, like the second and third, stands or falls with the first. The only information that we have regarding the bodily resurrection of Christ is found in the Bible and the only reason for rejecting it is the same given for the rejection of the virgin birth and the doctrine of the atonement, namely, that it is *different* from anything else known among men. The resurrection of Christ—the bodily resurrection—is declared in the General Assembly pronouncement to be not only true, but an *essential* doctrine. "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain," exclaims the great apostle, Paul. The denial of Christ's resurrection, taken in connection with the denial of the virgin birth and the denial of the atonement, completes His degradation. Take away conception by the Holy Ghost, the honor of a divine mission, and the resurrection, and Christ ceases to be a character of importance. He claimed to be the Son of

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God; He claimed that He came to save man; He met death with the calm assurance that His blood would cleanse from sin all who accepted His salvation. If He can be indicted and convicted of being an impostor, He must retire into obscurity. This cannot be; there has not been a great reform in a thousand years that was not built about His teachings; there will not be in all the ages to come an important movement for the uplift of humanity that will not be inspired by His thought and words. He is the great "fact of history" and the growing figure of all time,—the only growing figure in the world today. And yet, the so-called liberals would wrap Him again in gravecloths and roll back the stone that served as a door for His sepulchre. In so doing, they would crush the hope and comfort He has brought to man. If the Bible is true, Christ has made of death a narrow, starlit strip between the companionship of yesterday and the reunion of tomorrow; if the Bible is false, who shall answer for us the agonizing question of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

If Christ did not rise from the dead, He could not have appeared to His disciples and therefore we must discard as false the concluding verses of the last chapter of Matthew:

18 "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying: All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth.

19 "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

20 "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway; even unto the end of the world."

Accepting this record as true, Christians carry to the world a gospel intended for every human being, a code of morals that is to endure for all time, and a Saviour, with all power behind Him, who will be present always. What kind of gospel can those preach whose Christ was born a man like themselves, performed no miracles, brought no salvation, and who, after preaching to a group of deluded

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followers, was laid away in a new made grave and became the perpetual prisoner of man's great enemy, death?

The fifth proposition asserts that belief in the miracles performed by Christ is an essential doctrine of the Word of God. This proposition might well have come second because the veracity of the Word of God must be denied before the miracles can be disputed and the miracles must be discarded before objection can be made to the second, third, and fourth propositions. The natural order with those who depart from the Faith of our Fathers is first to deny the infallibility of the Bible, then to deny the authenticity of the miracles, then to deny the virgin birth, the atonement, and the resurrection because they are miracles. When all the miracles and all the supernatural are eliminated from the Bible it becomes a "scrap of paper." When its truths are diluted by the language of men they cease to stir the heart. "Weasel words," to use a phrase employed, if not coined, by President Roosevelt, such as "poetical," "allegorical," and "symbolical" suck the meaning out of the majestic utterances of those who were the spokesmen of Jehovah.

But what is it that thus, progressively, whittles away the Word of God and destroys its vitality? I venture to assert that the unproven hypothesis of evolution is the root cause of nearly all the dissension in the church over the five points under discussion. "Liberalism," however you define it, is built upon the guess to which the euphonious name of "evolution" has been given. Not all evolutionists are dissenters, but all dissenters are evolutionists,—some theistic evolutionists and some atheistic evolutionists. Those who call themselves theistic evolutionists indignantly deny that evolution is inconsistent with Christianity,—but what are the facts?

First, Darwin began life a Christian but, following the hypothesis that bears his name, he rejected, one after another, the vital principles of the Christian religion. Just before he died he wrote a letter (it is reproduced in his "Life and Letters") in which he describes his departure from the orthodox faith. He says that when as a young

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man he made his famous trip south on the Beadle he was called "orthodox and heartily laughed at by some of the officers for quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality." Expressing his opinion at the time he wrote the letter, he says, *"I do not believe there ever has been any revelation."* In the same letter he says that about the time he wrote "The Origin of Species" he deserved to be called a theist because he felt "compelled to look for a first Cause, having an intelligent mind, in some degree analogous to man." But after that this belief, he says, became weaker "very gradually, with many fluctuations." He inquires, "Can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?" (as God and Heaven). He concludes by saying, "The Mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us, and I for one must be content to remain an *agnostic.*" If that is what Darwinism did for Darwin, what is it likely to do for immature students who are throwing off parental authority and who gladly accept any hypothesis that will justify them in throwing off the authority of God also?

That Darwin's experience was not exceptional but the natural and logical result of the evolutionary hypothesis, is proved by the investigations of Professor James H. Leuba, teacher of Psychology at Bryn Mawr College. Some eight years ago he wrote a book on "Belief in God and Immortality." He starts out by saying that belief in God and immortality is dying out among the educated in the United States. To prove his proposition, he submitted questions to the leading scientists of the country. He found the names of five thousand, five hundred of them in a book and expressed the belief that it contained the names of practically all the scientists of prominence. On the answers received, he declared that over half of these scientists told him that they did not believe in a personal God or a personal immortality. He then selected nine representative colleges and universities and wrote to the students. On their an-

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swers, he declared that 15 per cent of the freshmen had discarded Christianity, 30 per cent of the juniors, and from 40 to 45 per cent of the men who graduated. This change was, in his opinion, due to the influence of the "cultured men" under whose instruction the students passed.

Is not this testimony sufficient to challenge the attention of Christians? Will the Christian church admit that there is anything in education that naturally or necessarily weakens faith? This cannot be admitted. The church has been the greatest patron of learning,—the greatest friend that education has ever had. What is there, then, in our colleges that undermines faith and paralyzes religion? Only one thing: namely, an hypothesis that links man in blood relationship with every other form of life, animal and vegetable, and makes him cousin to brute and bird and fish and reptile,—to flower and fruit and vegetable and weed. Even in Christian colleges the student is asked to substitute the hypothesis of evolution for the Bible record of creation, although *not one species has ever* yet been traced to another species. The "missing links" between a million species,—Darwin estimated the number at from two to three millions,—are yet to be found; not one has been produced. And yet, it is a common thing for evolutionists—theistic evolutionists—to declare that evolution is as firmly established as the law of gravitation or the roundness of the earth.

Third, the ministers who dissented from the pronouncement of the General Assembly are evolutionists,—they call themselves "theistic evolutionists," but theistic evolution is even more demoralizing in its influence than atheistic evolution. Atheistic evolution denies the existence of God and this arouses indignation. Theistic evolution, on the other hand, lulls the young Christian to sleep with the assurance that evolution recognizes God and offers a more sublime method of creation than the Bible records. Recently forty prominent Americans, among whom were two cabinet officers, one ex-cabinet officer, several bishops, and several college presidents, joined in a statement containing this language: "It is a sublime conception of God which is fur-

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nished by science," etc. Then follows a statement about God "revealing Himself through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man and in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his God-like powers." This high-flown language compliments the ape theory at the expense of the Bible record of man's creation. Theistic evolution is an anesthetic; it deadens the pain while the Christian's religion is being removed.

There are all shades of belief among theistic evolutionists, according to the hold that the hypothesis has upon them, according to the religious momentum they acquired before they adopted it, and according to the extent to which they have applied it. Some stop when they have traced their ancestry to the jungle and established a kinship with the animal world below us. Exhausted by the effort, they are inconsistent enough to stop there and to accept all the Bible except Genesis. Some follow the path of evolution a little farther and reject some of the miracles, retaining the theory of the atonement, the virgin birth, and the resurrection, in spite of the fact that they all involve the miraculous. Others go still farther, differing in the place at which they stop, while some, like a Presbyterian preacher in New York, boldly announce that they do not accept *any* of the propositions declared by the General Assembly to be "essential" as well as true.

Theistic evolution and atheistic evolution travel together until they reach the origin of life; at this point the theistic evolutionist embraces the atheist, tolerantly if not affectionately, and says, "I beg your pardon, but here I must assume a Creator." Some put the beginning of life at twenty-five millions of years ago, some, like Darwin, put it at two hundred millions of years ago; others add all the ciphers that they have to spare. Some theistic evolutionists, like Canon Barnes of Westminster Abbey, commence with the universe filled with "stuff" and imagine electrons coming out of "stuff" and forming atoms, atoms forming matter, matter forming life, life forming mind, and mind forming

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spirit, with infinite ages since God's creative power was permitted to act. Their far-away God does not invite prayer or give the comforting assurance of His presence,—what coercive power has the sense of responsibility if it must be strained through the blood of all animal life which, according to the evolutionist, forms man's ancestry? There is no place in evolution for the cry of the penitent soul; it knows no such transformation as being born again or having sins forgiven. As Romanes confessed, even when an agnostic, it substitutes the "lonely mystery of existence" for the "hallowed glory" of the creed of orthodox Christianity.

But your space will not permit any extended discussion of the subject of evolution; I could not, however, deal fairly with the discussion that the action of the Presbyterian General Assembly has aroused without pointing out that which is responsible for the controversy. The evolutionary hypothesis is the only thing that has seriously menaced religion since the birth of Christ and it menaces all other religions as well as the Christian religion, and civilization as well as religion,—at least, this is the conviction of a multitude who regard belief in God as the most fundamental of all beliefs and see in Christ the hope of the future.

The world is just emerging from the bloodiest war known to history; thirty millions of human beings lost their lives directly or indirectly because of the war; three hundred billion dollars worth of property was destroyed, and the debts of the world are more than six times as great as when the first gun was fired. This war cannot be blamed upon ignorance; the governments of the civilized nations have been in the hands of educated men. The battleships, dreadnaughts, and superdreadnaughts were built by college graduates, and college graduates trained the armies of the world. Scientists mixed the poisonous gases and manufactured liquid fire. Intellect guided the nations, and learning without heart made war so hellish that civilization itself was about to commit suicide.

It is evident that nothing but universal peace can save the world from universal bankruptcy, and nothing but uni-

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versal disarmament can bring universal peace. Not until the armies and navies are so reduced as to eliminate all thoughts of contest and merely provide domestic police protection can the world begin again the upbuilding of society. To whom can the world turn? To whom, except to the Prince of Peace. If the gigantic task of world rehabilitation must rest upon One reared in a carpenter shop, we must not divest Him of the strength that the task requires. Darwin's God was nowhere,—he could not find him; Darwin's Bible was nothing,—it had lost its inspiration; Darwin's Christ was nobody,—he had a brute for his ancestor on both his father's and his mother's side. Evolution, carried to its logical conclusion, robs Christ of the glory of His virgin birth, of the majesty of His deity, and of the triumph of His resurrection; such a Christ is impotent to save. If love is to be substituted for force and co-operation for combat, religion must lead the way.

The Presbyterian Church has reiterated its faith in God, in the Bible, and in Christ. During the week ending May 19th, 1923, the Southern Baptist Convention endorsed as its platform the presentation of vital Christian principles set forth by President Mullins in his opening address. The pronouncement is as follows:

"We record again our unwavering adherence to the supernatural elements in the Christian religion. The Bible is God's revelation of Himself through man moved by the Holy Spirit, and is our sufficient, certain and authoritative guide in religion. Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary through the power of the Holy Spirit. He was the Divine and Eternal Son of God. He wrought miracles, healing the sick, casting out demons and raising the dead. He died as the vicarious, atoning Saviour of the world and was buried. He arose again from the dead. The tomb was emptied of its contents. In His risen body He appeared many times to His disciples. He ascended to the right hand of the Father. He will come again in person, the same Jesus who ascended from the Mount of Olives."

Others churches will do likewise. I doubt not that the movement will grow and spread until the song that startled the shepherds at Bethlehem will become the world's international anthem.

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RELIGION OR DOGMA?

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

FOR thirty years Mr. Bryan has been a knight of the new chivalry, unsheathing his sword against the saloon, war, starvation wages, class privileges, avarice, and greed; a sword also that has often flashed in defense of the poor, the weak, and the despoiled of every race and land. His courage, his sincerity, and his loyalty to conviction are known of all men. Some men have been timid, but Mr. Bryan has never been afraid to espouse an unpopular cause. A leader upon the battlefields of reform, he has many victories to his credit. No man of his generation has addressed so many millions of people, and today, with unimpaired strength, he is going up and down the land defending the faith of the "Fundamentalists." Even the largest halls in our towns are thronged with crowds anxious to listen once more to the music of the finest vocal instrument of our generation. It remains, however, for those who most admire Mr. Bryan's character to confess that he has not always been right in every cause that he has advocated. In one of his orations Mr. Bryan makes a large place for his two political heroes, Thomas Jefferson and President Jackson, but in retrospect even Mr. Bryan must admit that Jefferson and Jackson held certain views that are now seen to have been partial, or unbalanced, and therefore mistaken. Men without faults, however, are generally men without force.

With the skill of the trained disputant, Mr. Bryan reserves his strongest argument against evolution for the con-

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clusion of his paper, and then insists that evolution as a doctrine is dangerous because it militates against religious faith. He reminds his readers that in his youth Darwin held the evangelical views as to the Bible and the divine origin of the Christian religion, while in his age, after long defending the doctrine of evolution, his belief in the being of God and in any revelation whatsoever weakened, until at last he announced himself an "agnostic," unwilling to trust the human intellect, "when it draws such grand conclusions concerning God and heaven." But Mr. Bryan has overlooked the larger fact that if forty years of neglect of the nerve of religious sensation starved to death that nerve's vision, Darwin's faculties toward music, poetry, dramatic art, and painting also suffered grievously by the starvation and neglect of those forty years. In his "Life and Letters," Darwin tells us that in his youth he loved the drama, listened with rapturous enthusiasm to those actors who interpreted Hamlet, Macbeth, and King Lear, frequented concerts, the oratorio, and grand opera. Then came forty crowded and tumultuous years during which he gave every minute of time and every atom of strength to a hypothesis that he realized might prove to be only a "brilliant guess," namely, that the method of creation was the method exhibited in acorns going slowly toward oaks, in tents going toward houses and forked sticks going toward plows, and that "perhaps" the fire mist may have developed into a habitable world. In the realm of the heart, a man must keep his friendships in good repair. Even mothers learn to love, by loving. Charles Darwin so starved the religious side of his soul that the spiritual optic nerve atrophied after the fashion of the mole, that refuses to come out into the sunshine, or the blind fish that remain in the dark waters of Mammoth Cave. This confession of Darwin as to the grievous injury to his faith in God that followed forty years of total neglect, simply helps us understand how it was that in old age, when his health broke, and his physician sent him to the theatre, the opera, to the picture gallery and

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cathedral, he found himself incapable of becoming interested in the slightest degree.

Darwin's experience therefore simply illustrates the law that the nerve toward the library, the gallery, the realm of music, and even the nerve of religious sensation, can be atrophied by neglect. "There is a little flower in the garden of the soul named reverence," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "and I find it must be watered at least once a week." What Mr. Darwin's example proves, is the peril of neglecting any of the faculties of the soul, and that the nerve of religious sensation must be taken care of, nourished, and cultivated. That One whose name is above every name, once likened Himself to a Vine,—the vine of life, the vine whose leaves heal wounds, the wounds of the nations, but He indicated that even that divine vine has to be watered, pruned, and taken care of, for He added, "My Father is the Husbandman" toiling in the vineyard. The real lesson of Darwin's life, therefore, is not that belief in evolution reacts upon and destroys religious faith,—the real lesson of his unhappy old age is this: at all costs and hazards guard the integrity of the spiritual optic nerve; nourish and develop by exercise the faculty of religious sensation. He who by sin cuts a bloody gash in that nerve will soon come to blindness, and think that there is no longer a God in the sky.

The progress of thought in the church has brought many ministers who are filled with a passion for Jesus, for His teachings, and for their fellow men, to believe that evolution is simply God's way of doing things. The new telescopes have not simply enlarged the universe in space, but also broadened the universe in terms of time. Our fathers believed in a little Eden garden world, small, homey, easily understood, and dearly loved, and since there were only thirty generations in a thousand years, even peasants and children found it easy to go back in thought to the time when our first father and mother walked under the trees of the garden in the cool of the day, and kept their tryst with

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the Unseen Lord of the Garden. Today, science has greatly enlarged this world house, fitted up as no palace was ever prepared for the children of a prince. The old yardstick has now quite gone. The new measuring line is the sunbeam, travelling around our earth seven times in one second; and the light of the newly discovered star which rushed upon the scene before that astronomer who last night turned his glass in the Lick Observatory toward the sky is a light that left its star a thousand years before Socrates drank his cup of poison. Geology, too, with its slow deposit of fern and tree pounded down into little flakes of coal, has given man an instrument for measuring time. The old six thousand years have now become ages and eons; sometimes the intellect grows weary of these vast spaces, and falls into the bosom of faith, as that dove with an olive leaf in its beak alighted on the ancient ark, and rested for a moment preparatory to another flight across the waters.

The prophet of the newer religious thinking now looks out upon a universe that is marching upward, under the guidance of an Unseen Leader whose signals from the heavenly battlements are to guide the pilgrim host. Slowly the fire mist cools, puts on a decent crust, and becomes the home of cities and civilizations. Slowly the soil climbs toward grass and shrub and flower. Slowly the little rose, always single and pink, drops its petals to enrich the soil, that tomorrow's rose may be double and crimson with every hue and perfume. Slowly the thorn apple becomes the Wine Sap and the Golden Pippin. Slowly the wild rice becomes the Fife wheat; the Indian corn that had six husks around every grain climbs toward an ear that has husks only on the outside of all the grains. Slowly the hut becomes a house; the forked stick a steam plow; the hollow log, the Mauretania; the rude heiroglyphs upon the tree, telling which way the hunter went, become letters and literature. Slowly the ochre on the cheek of the savage becomes the canvas on the wall; and the stone altar becomes the cathedral, while the medicine man, pounding on the

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drum, becomes the pipe organ; the bleeding human sacrifice becomes the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart, an acceptable gift offered to an unseen Friend and Ruler. And this creative act of development is manifestly going on every moment, for all who have eyes to see the invisible signs, or ears to hear the sweetest overtures that ever fell from the battlements of heaven. Through ever enlarging cycles and higher levels, this great creative work that began as the blade and journeyed on toward the stalk will increase until it becomes the full Harvest of God.

President Harper's prayer had the sanction of the universe behind it: "If during these last hours you breathe a prayer to God for me, ask Him to give me much hard work to do beyond." For this little life is all too short for man packed with roots and seeds that here are unplanted and ungrown, and need a million years in which a son of God can perfect his tools, his arts, his laws, growing on ever toward perfection, but never overtaking His Father and Friend. What would a noble man not give to live here a thousand years and see this great experiment of liberty wrought out to its full fruition! Perchance the Gothic legend is true, and from time to time the teachers poisoned in Athens, the patriots burned in Florence, the heroes exiled in London, the martyrs assassinated in Washington, may draw near to the overhanging battlements, while some noble soul plucks the roses from the tree of life, and flings them down upon a battlefield of reform, while one red blossom now falls as a red hot coal on the hand of a traitor to liberty to destroy his power for evil, and another falls on the hand of some hero to heal his wound, that he may double his strength in his fight with blows against tyranny, ignorance, and superstition. What lover of his fellow men but is ambitious after death to be found in the thick of the fight on some far-off battlefield, where the pilgrim hosts have come in from dark continents,—pilgrims who need leaders there as they depend upon them here.

Multitudes of people share with Mr. Bryan the feeling

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that the creation of the world in six days, only six thousand years ago, is a simpler and more attractive faith, than the newer thinking that associates the creations of man with the long processes involved in myriad ages. It would be flippant to say that men of distinction and character have no objection to an origin described by the Greeks, who saw warriors slowly emerging from the soil, or the belief of Moses who saw the first man as a lump of mud, touched by the Divine Finger into a living soul. Providing one has journeyed far enough away from the clod and has washed all the grime from his hands, the ancient explanation is not offensive to men of vision. We are in a world where dust is turned into porcelain, blue clay into sapphires, red clay into rubies, coal dust into diamonds, and no man need be disturbed by the thought of the dust out of which Moses thinks the first man was made. It is however not accurate in terms of science to say that man came upward from the ape and the monkey,—indeed it is quite untrue to science to hint at such an affirmation. What Science does say is that ages ago the life path parted at a point where the ancestors of man started toward a thin skull and a large brain, while the other physical line started toward an ever-thickening skull with a stationary brain and after untold ages has developed into the ape. Millions of years after those two lines parted company, one being became man, standing forth under the stars and with adoring thoughts answering certain signals from the sky. The question is not which origin would we prefer, but which origin represents fact in history? Which method of creation is the the more praiseworthy and admirable,—creation during six days or many ages? Here is a watchmaker, who makes this watch, and when the timepiece suffers an accident and the mainspring snaps, the jeweler repairs the break. When a wheel wears out the jeweler comes back with the suddeness of an occasional miracle and replaces the broken wheel. Now that jeweler's work is honorable and is of great value to man's industry.

But think of a jeweler with genius enough to create

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a watch that can reproduce itself; that can heal the broken mainspring without any external assistance; repair the worn wheels, while it also has the power to reproduce itself in smaller watches that slowly grow, and yet at the same time can endow each successive generation of watches with ever-increasing strength and beauty, in that the steel pinion is succeeded by one made of sapphire and the iron hands by hands of silver; while constantly the gold case for each new watch becomes more and more beautiful! We think little about the ordinary jeweler who can make a watch and then repair it, but if one entered the scene with skill to create not only self-repairing watches but watches that would reproduce themselves, we would meet that inventor upon our knees with our hands before our eyes. Jesus recognized this ever advancing and developing world that had come from His Father's hand,—first the seed, then the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear; first that which is natural, then that which is spiritual. "Beloved are we the sons of God, but oh, what eye hath seen, what ear hath heard, what mind hath ever conceived that to which man shall come when God and long time have had their way with him!"

Confessing that there are millions of wise men who believe with Mr. Bryan that God made man out of the dust of the earth, one may be permitted to express the conviction that God did not make man at all. George Stevenson made his locomotive. George Stevenson procreated his sons. Stevenson controlled his locomotive by flanges on the wheels, but Stevenson surrendered a part of his power when he procreated children able to choose for themselves. God makes suns and stars with laws that control the *things* He has made; God procreates His children in His own image, endowing them with intellect, memory, imagination, conscience, and love. All these gifts in the divine child answer in the little, to those attributes that are divinely perfect in the large, in the Father God. Because God the Father lives, His children shall live also. Not one earthly

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parent but is disturbed at Christmas time until the boys and girls come home from school. Heaven was an empty, lonely place until the day when that radiant Son of God sprang from Olivet into the open sky and came back home. The true Beatrice and the dear mother will wait at heaven's gate until the prodigal son returns, that they may go in together. This is the view held by the newer religious thinking toward the creation of the universe, "the nature and attributes of man, and the question, Does the soul survive bodily death?"

In a clear and straightforward fashion Mr. Bryan makes his argument for the inerrancy of the Bible. His views may be compressed into one sentence; he believes that the Bible is a light for man's feet, and since the pilgrim in a dark night may easily lose his way, it is to the last degree important that the candle should burn with a pure white light that can always be trusted. If the candle is to fling its light far into this dark world, Mr. Bryan holds that this book must be flawlessly accurate, not only in its revelation as to the being of God, but as to its statements concerning history, archœology, geology, astronomy, and every other science. The men of the newer religious thinking look upon the Bible as the progressive revelation of the nature of God; of the fact that He is righteous, and that He asks righteousness from His children; that He will help men to be righteous, that the universe He has organized makes for righteousness; that if men are not good friends with this universe they will send themselves progressively toward the scrap heap of the universe. For these scholars the Bible is not a book of geology or astronomy, of invention or art, but a book of morals—a book of God.

Every man needs to know the facts about the world in which he lives, but these facts he can find out for himself. Man also needs to know who this Being is who dwells beyond the star fires. Can man ascend unto heaven to return and tell us what is there? Now it is precisely this thing concerning God and how He feels toward Jacob in his

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hypocrisy, Esau in his animalism, Elijah in his dark hours, Saul in his murderous ambition, that this Book claims to show unto men. The Bible shows man how God and his universe feel toward the thief who steals, the man who kills, the worker who covets, the friend who betrays. It declares that each transgressor must reap exactly what he has sown, and yet that Nature and God are on the side of the transgressor. Note that there is a form of mercy in the justice of Nature. Nature tries to heal the gash in the tree and the cut in man's hand. Her penalties are warnings in the beginning, as well as punitive at the end. Man crosses many a chasm in his life journey and the Ten Commandments are so many sharp prongs on the side of the bridge, not set there to destroy man by an angry Nature but placed there by a loving Friend, now to keep man from going over the precipice, now to hold him back from the jungle where lurk wild beasts and serpents. And never once has the Bible been wrong in terms of morals. As to what man's duty is in passing across the continent of years, the Bible is a revelation, an inspired Book, inerrant in its teachings, a book that to the end of time will be the poor man's book, the book of the slave, the book of the broken-hearted, the book of the lonely and the despoiled, the book of hope and truth. If great men like Walter Scott want this book under their pillow when they are dying, lesser men should keep it in their hands while living, for its words are leaven, they are life, they are medicine, they are the mind and heart of God.

But on the other hand the Bible from the viewpoint of the men of the new religious thinking cannot be used as a substitute for geology, astronomy, or invention. Man is in this world to grow, and the only way to grow is by struggle. This Book, therefore, never tells any man what he can find out for himself. God gives men forests, but they must make their own furniture. He gives them iron and ore, but they must make their own engines and ships. He gives men landscapes and colors, men must paint their own pictures.

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He gives men wood and marble and stone; men must build their own homes, libraries, and cathedrals. That teacher is the wisest and most skilful instructor who teaches the child how to see for himself, how to think, and through the problem by thinking bore his way as the X-ray bores through a thick plank. For ages there was medicine in the bark, and man burned with fever, but man must find his remedies for himself, if he is to grow. For ages the heart was a pump, but the Bible did not anticipate Harvey's observation. For ages the earth went round the sun. Every morning the falling apple struck some Isaac Newton, but his skull was too thick as he lay on his back under the apple boughs to let the idea through. It takes Nature a long time to pound an idea through man's thick skull and make him see God's writing on the rocks and the stars, and make him hear the music of creation. God works and the universe is His divine will, rushing into physical form through suns and stars and the procession of the seasons. Man too must work. At last God called before His throne certain servants and made Hunger and Frost and Cold with Summer's Storm and Winter's Winds to go forth and nip man, and burn him, and scourge him, and peel him, and roll him in the snow until he should learn to think. Little by little man wove the civilization that lies across our land from ocean to ocean and wove all the threads together,—threads named homes, schools, arts, laws, and liberties. Man could not find out for himself what God was and how He felt toward His children when they did right or wrong, or what happens to man when death comes and where are the paths that lead to peace and prosperity; therefore all this is revealed in the Bible and inerrantly revealed, but whatever man can find out for himself is unrevealed and man's struggle to find out has made his growth and progress.

In another paragraph Mr. Bryan outlines the traditional view of the fall of man and the doctrine of human sinfulness. The newer religious thinking holds to the truthfulness of the two most beautiful parables in the Bible,—the

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parable in Genesis of the origin of evil and man's fall through the serpent in the Garden; and the other parable of the love of God to sinful men in the story of the Prodigal Son, who went into the far country and by his sin came to live on husks and food meant for the swine that he kept. These two wonderful pictures give the essential truth as to the origin of evil and man's redemption therefrom, but we must not analyze pictures and parables too closely. He who analyzes his rose must lose it. The genius of the first parable is that for the immediate gratification of a lower appetite, that man in the Eden garden forgot the longer happiness that might have come in the evening through the approval of One whom he was to meet at the end of the day. It is the epic of every man's tragedy who sacrifices the higher, in the interests of the lower and immediate hunger. One thing it certainly does not mean: namely, that a good God found Adam a noble man and Eve a pure woman and then turned loose upon them a powerful Mephistopheles who could meet their every argument for obedience with ten pleas more powerful for disobedience,—a Satan so cunning, subtle, and powerful as to be able to undermine the walls that protect virtue; nor can it mean that God is a Being who then proceeded to organize the result of Adam's disobedience into a piece of hereditary machinery for the propagation of sinful men who should spread the curse with increasing blackness, corruption, and moral slime, into all the universe. So small a place did the story of the Fall of Adam have in the Bible that Moses never made a second passing reference to Adam or his Fall; that Joshua never even heard of Adam; that Samuel the judge, and Job the poet, and David the singer, and Isaiah the inspired man of vision, never even dignified this Adam with a passing reference. Even Solomon, the wisest of men, did not know that this wonderful book grew out of Adam's Fall. Jesus totally ignored Adam. Not one of His disciples in their Memorabilia could remember that Adam was ever so much as mentioned by the Master. Paul,

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a member of the Sanhedrim and a Pharisee, knew that his sect used Adam's name in this ceremonial service, and in writing to them, used Adam as an illustration. But what if physicians, for hundreds of years, should be writing about, working upon, and perfecting some wonderful medicine, while not one of them happened to remember what the disease was or where it came from? Would that not be very much like these forty writers in the Old and New Testaments, all working toward the common end, namely the deliverance of man from the power and guilt of sin, but not knowing what the disease was, and forgetting to relate it to Adam? Plainly the story of Adam's fall should have no larger place in our theology than it had in those Gospels of the Love of God to sinful man, about whose transgression everything had centered and revolved. Much of modern theology of which Adam is the centre, is derived from John Milton's "Paradise Lost," Dante's "Inferno," and Augustine's "Civitas Dei," rather than from the parable of the origin of evil, as set forth in the third chapter of Genesis. Whatever else the Infinite God is, He cannot be likened to a Being who brought into the world a weak son and daughter, then turned loose upon them a powerful creature who had the might of a fallen archangel, and who proceeded to debauch Adam and corrupt Eve and then put their debauchery out at compound interest, until the slow, spreading disease poisoned the whole universe. That old prophet knew better when he exclaimed, "For if we sin, God will forgive us! Therefore, we will not sin!" Unfortunately that good man's sentence was a grain of wheat overlooked and thrown out into a pile of chaff named the Apocrypha.

Over against the sins of a fallen race, Mr. Bryan and multitudes of other noble teachers, place the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, balancing the one against the other, in these words, "For as in Adam all sinned, so in Christ, some—the elect—are made alive." Augustine is the father of this system that today bears the name of Calvinism. Strictly

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speaking, what Calvinism is in thought, Herbert Spencer's system of Absolutism is in agnostic philosophy. Every big idea found in Calvin's theology is found in Spencer's material philosophy. Spencer said, "Infinite Force"; Calvin said, "An Infinite God." Spencer said, "The strong survive"; Calvin said, "The elect survive." Spencer said, "The weak go to the wall"; Calvin said, "The non-elect are doomed to hell." Spencer said, "Force is conserved and cannot be destroyed"; Calvin said, "The elect persevere, and cannot fail." There is not one idea in John Calvin's system of theology that is not repeated in Spencer's system of Absolutism. Today both Spencer's Absolutism and modern Calvinism are like unto two great icebergs, caught in the Gulf Stream of God's Providence. Slowly the sun melts the iceberg at the top, slowly the warm Gulf Stream gnaws it at the bottom, little by little the cold mass of ice is dissolving and will soon enter the warm waters of a better, higher form of thinking in a world where God is as imminent as the embracing air, and where all systems, all arts, all laws, are permeated by the influences of a Being whose face is Light, whose name is Love, and whose Providence is the Gulf Stream of history.

Jesus discovered to the world its five greatest ideas: the equality of the races (Jew and Gentile); the equality of the classes (Dives and Lazarus); the equality of the sexes (John and Peter, Mary and Martha); the equality of the worlds, in that the unseen realm where the great still live is interested in the Christmas song of peace on earth good will toward men; and finally the doctrine of a God who can suffer. This idea of a Father who bears the burdens of His children was revolutionary. It came like a burst of sunshine falling upon the page of an open book in a dark room. Homer, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Lucretius,—all alike taught the impassivity of a God who dwelt on a distant Olympus, who was eternally young, eternally strong, and whose happiness could not be marred by any sympathy for suffering. It was as if children found themselves in a great palace, with wide halls,

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and vast libraries, with glorious pictures and missals, but the Being who built the house never crossed the threshold, his voice was never heard in the hall, for,—to use Professor Clifford's expression,—"The Great Companion was dead." Then Jesus entered the scene and revealed a God who could suffer with His children in His world house.

Then the old views fled away, as bats and owls and creatures of the night flee when the sun stands upon the horizon. God ceased to be a "consuming fire." God was no longer a bundle of thunder bolts, a sheaf of tornadoes. The throne of iron—justice and penalty—softened! The throne of intellect and philosophy—crystaline ice—grew warm! Jesus revealed God as the great burden-bearer, the Mighty Majestic Heart, pulsating life throughout the universe. Going toward God for troubled, weary men, was like birds going toward the oasis, with fountains and fruits. What Jesus was for a brief time in Palestine, He said His Father was in all ages and worlds. What He said on His Cross, "Forgive them for they know not what they do," God was always saying everywhere. And when Saul slew one of His new servants, Stephen, the everliving Father and the living Christ began to atone for the sin. They had to bear the burden of Saul's transgression. The first atoning work was for the ever-living Christ to seek out Saul on the road to Damascus, and turn his hate into love! The next task was to strengthen the successor of Stephen so that he could do two men's work,—his own and that of the slain hero. Then came the atoning work of pouring love into the hearts of the disciples and giving them the spirit of service, so that they held their bread in common and saved the slain Stephen's wife and children from starvation. It is said that in His solicitude of love "God neither slumbers nor sleeps." His love suffers as the pilgrim host goes across the wilderness,—stumbling, blundering, falling, bleeding, curing, reopening, encamping for one night in an oasis, then splitting the trunk of the tree of life into spear shafts and feeding the blossoms of the tree of life unto war

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horses, and filling the world with hate. But meantime the suffering God, and the divine Teacher who revealed Him, are always abroad by night as well as by day; healing the wounded pilgrims who have fallen by the way; lifting up the fallen; closing the breach when some leader lets the banner fall; smiting seas of difficulty that the pilgrims may pass over dry-shod; making the desert flow in springs of water; feeding the pilgrims on angels' bread, guiding them by the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night; sending out music to which the pilgrim host can keep step; filling the sky with signals for new leaders; and when some cause is lost keeping the visions burning, as each new boy and girl dreams of the day when the company shall leave the desert behind, and come into the Promised Land and hang out the signals of victory. Jesus' vision of the divine Father as the Suffering God, the great burden-bearer, represents an atonement that is neither judicial, nor governmental, nor moral, but is real, as red as blood, as certain as the sunshine, as vital as the tides of spring, as powerful as gravity, with a victory that is inevitable. What enemy, therefore, can ever take the wheels from the chariot of that One who comes out of Edom, with crimson garments? Atonement? I object to the old theories because they are too little. Sacrifice? No vine without the crushing of the grapes! No statue until the fire flies from hammer and chisel lifted upon the marble! Who are these in bright array? This is the Saviour crucified in Jerusalem; the teachers poisoned in Athens; the poets exiled or burned in Florence; the heroes imprisoned in the Hague and at Oxford; the martyrs shot in Washington; the mothers who bought with their own blood their children's souls. "Civilization belongs to the noble dead, to the living as trustees, but chiefly to the children who are unborn."

The eternal Guide, Friend, and Lover of mankind has had a hard time in the world. Too often love has found no room save in a manger in a stable, but little by little love and knowledge are gaining. Men are ceasing to worship

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church ordinances, and now recognize that religion is God's life in the soul, that life for different races and temperaments feeds upon different foods, wears divers garments, and builds with a varied architecture. As seeds and roots go toward life and growth, they become different,—the arbutus, violet, shrubs, orchards, oak tree, pine. One star differs from another star in glory. Sameness is found in two places,—the dead sands of the sea and the graveyard. Life moves toward variety and endless differences. Creeds are intellectual symbols describing spiritual experiences. Confessions of faith are testimonies and not tests. Rituals that help one temperament injure another. But meanwhile, that beautiful influence that once set forth from Bethlehem is journeying like a beautiful summer atmosphere over all the islands and continents. He touched childhood, and children became like unto the angels of God. He touched laws, and they became humane; governments, and they became just; marble, and it became warm; music, and it became a chariot of sweet song, an upward rising prayer. He has touched gold, and it has become splendid. Today, painting interprets His beauty; architecture builds houses for His worship; money has become the almoner of bounty, toward the poor and the weak; literature is running everywhither telling His story; eloquence has dedicated itself to the new Orpheus, whose music is indeed world music, and whose symphony is for all races, and ages, and worlds. His church has suffered many things at the hands of His friends, but His example, His teachings, and His sacrificial death have survived. The green wood that turned to smoke could not extinguish the inner flame. His story is the most fascinating story in human history. Looking back, we see first His piteous tragedy and the little wooden tree; then a radiant figure leaving light in the sky; then after forty days, three thousand lovers; then after a century one million; after three centuries there is one in the throne of the Caesars; after eighteen centuries, three hundred millions; today nine hundred mil-

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lions. One by one the nations and tribes with seven hundred and fifty languages and dialects, have wrought His Memorabilia into their language. Art, science, philosophy, invention, politics, have fallen like captives into His triumphant procession. His victory is inevitable, and within perhaps a half dozen centuries.

Nor is there any room left for pessimism. A discouraged man may fall from the Mauretania,—it is not a large ship, but God's earth is a big ship, seven thousand miles in diameter. The pessimist cannot fall off the ship nor jump off the ship,—gravity will not let him. Today the world ship is caught in the Gulf Stream of God's Providence, and is going on toward a more genial climate and a glorious harbor. No man is strong enough to turn the ship from its course, and whether the pessimist wants to or not, he is compelled by gravity and God to go on toward the ideal commonwealth and the golden age, for there is an unseen Pilot on the deck who steers by the stars,—and the goal is God!

IN A PARIS CHURCH

By WILBERT SNOW

The resonant click of shoes on worn stone floors,
Worn deeper at the Stations of the Cross;
Mild crepe-veiled women gliding through the doors,
Pertubed or sad, as if no yellow moss
Had fringed their paths in youth: one drops a mite
And flames a candle more; while unaware
Of all around, a bent priest, stoled in white,
Treads back and forth, absorbed in evening prayer.

And one, whose mind the new-world-winds of March
Have sung through and swept clean as canyon walls
From creeds and dogma, sits beneath an arch
Apart, and wonders what strange essence falls
From this lit altar, purging every aisle,
Giving these old-world hearts the strength to smile.

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ENDINGS

By MAURICE HEWLETT

I.

NOT very long ago I took occasion to inquire into the beginning of books. I found that the rules were simple, the formulæ few, and the practice seldom varied until near our own times. If you were an Epic poet, you invoked the Muse and stated the theme in which you desired her assistance; if you wrote prose narrative, you began with "Once upon a time," or "There was a man," and went on from there. You began, in fact, at the beginning; but if you were romantically inclined you contrived somehow to insinuate a hint of color and what the artists call atmosphere. Whichever you were, poet or prosateur, like a musician you had a prelude, and gave it as much work as it was capable of bearing, and sometimes rather more than it could bear. No matter for that, everything was in your favor, hope was high in your breast, and, no doubt, in your hearer's or reader's. The rules were simple; you laid out the theme, and off you went.

But the ending of your work is a very different thing. There are no formulæ for that. You are at the stretch of your tether, either thankfully or not; you are in your public's discretion; however you take it, you are judged already. You may amend all by your ending or you may make weariness more weary. In any case, you have somehow to "get off with it," and will find that your shifts to make a good end to your adventure are not easily reduced to rule or comfortably suited by convention. We don't hear so many sermons as we did; yet most of us know by experience that it is one thing for a clergyman to open upon his text, and quite another for him to turn to the East with

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credit. If he had prepared his peroration, and the way to it,—what I may call his *coda and finale,*—well or ill, he will let it off. If he have not, then in addition to his anxious care for what he is to say, he will have another for what he must by no means say. Let him beware, for example, of using the hortatory words "And now"; for so surely as he pronounces them the congregation will rise as one man, and then nothing for it but the rest of the Ascription. I have known that happen more than once, and never faced the preacher with nerve enough to re-seat the congregation for one more turn.

The writer and the orator may be compared, since literature, by origin a spoken word, has never lost the habits it then acquired,—or has only just now lost them. As the ancient bard, Homer or Demodocus, as the wandering minstrel, trouvère or balladist, faced his assize, somehow or other he had to get off his platform. What was he to do? He desired a supper, perhaps a bed: one need not shirk the probability that he was to send round the hat. Could he be sure of them without some kind of bang? Should it be a long or a short bang? Was he to sum up the whole argument of his poem in its last twenty lines, condense it all into one compendious epigrammatic sentence? As we shall see, that was the means of one of our great prose-writers. Then, otherwise, should he perorate, and, in the musician's way, recall the theme with which he began? As poet, perhaps he should,—so, indeed, Tennyson more than once did; but as epic poet it was not always possible. No better poet than Homer ever lived, no better ending to an epic was ever made than that to the Iliad, whose last book shows Achilles, for once, generous, and Priam, in his simplicity, noble. But the Iliad does not end upon the matter of its beginning, nor with the hero of it. On the contrary, it ends with the hero's chief enemy; and its very last line,

"So served they the last rites of Hector, tamer of horses,"

is remarkable, because it shows that the interest of poet and hearers alike had shifted during the progress of the

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poem. Homer, a Greek, singing to a Greek audience, finds it necessary to close his poem with Priam and Hector of Troy!

That shows you how difficult it is to end an epic. The Odyssey shows it you from another side. Everybody now agrees that what happens in that after the return of Ulysses, his revenge upon the suitors and recognition by Penelope, is anti-climax. We are not prepared, at the end of a long poem, to descend once more into Hades and listen to the ghosts of the wooers relate their griefs to the ghosts of Agamemnon and Achilles. We are not prepared for an outbreak of retaliatory war between the Ithacans and their recovered prince. *Nor were Homer's auditors.* Therefore Homer turned to the old stage device of the god from the machine; he brought on Athené to shut all down. No other means was open to him, and the knot was worthy.

I don't intend to deal with the drama in this place. It has its own conventions, only occasionally of use to narrative writers. Most of them are impossible: the Chorus, for instance, which is an easy way of bringing down the curtain; or the Attendants who carry off the dead bodies; or the curtain itself. The nearest approach to the curtain which a book can have is the *Explicit,* or *Colophon;* but I only know one case of its use in a great poem, and in that case it is used in a hurry, and (as I believe) certainly not by the poet. The poem I mean is the *Song of Roland,* which, as we have it now, has neither beginning nor end. Of what may have once been either there is no trace to be found. As it stands now, the last stave of it shows Charlemagne reposing after justice done upon Roland's betrayer, and the Archangel Gabriel announcing to him the call for new enterprise. Whereupon—

"God!" said the King, "my life is hard indeed!"
Tears filled his eyes, he tore his snowy beard;

and then the famous colophon which nobody can translate,

"Ci falt la Geste que Turoldus declinet."

Clearly, if Turoldus made the Song of Roland, he did not

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put his colophon just there. Mr. Chesterton, in an introduction to the very accomplished version of the Song made by Captain Scott-Moncrieff, devotes some eloquent lines to its defence; but he does it at the expense of criticism. It will not do. A poet is, after all, a man singing to, or writing for men. No man in the world would end a long story by beginning another. These things are not done.

The ending of the *Divine Comedy* is original and characteristic at once. There is deliberate art in it; there is a kind of artifice or trick in it. But the trick is justified because it is both beautiful and, philosophically, true. Each of the three canticas ends with the same word, and the same thought. The aim of the pilgrim through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven is to reach the stars. From the darkness and lamentation of Hell he issues

"a riveder le stelle;"

after his painful climbing of the Mount of Purgation he finds himself

"Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle;"

the Paradise begins by describing the glory of the Prime Mover of things; and ends by discovering that this Prime Mover of the universe is Love, and that Love it is which

"muove il sole e l'altre stelle."

As I say, there is artifice in that. After it we are not surprised to learn that the number of cantos in each cantica, the number of verses, the number of words in each was approximately planned out and very closely kept. It is much of a question what is gained by such joinery; but there is no question at all of the starry endings. Philosophically and poetically they are beautiful and right.

Dante belonged to the scholastic age, and to the Middle Age; but he stood alone both in his art and his artifice. Poets less serious than he, poets like Boccaccio and Chaucer, had other cares. As they drew near the end of their occasionally very lighthearted poems they began to think about their own end as well as that of their poesy. Fears of the Archdeacon and his "Somonour," fears of a sum-

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mons still more dread beset them. The more they had written about pagan antiquity as if they believed in it, the more necessary it became to make their peace with Heaven before they had done. The *Canterbury Tales* were never finished, so one cannot say whether Chaucer's wholesale recantation of the "worldly vanitees" of them, of Troilus, and of practically all that has made him immortal was really designed to fit on to the end of them or not. It certainly looks as if it was; and one can believe that The Wife of Bath, mine Host, and others of the joyful company may have required some extenuation before the Recording Angel. So perhaps did *Troilus and Cresseide,* for which he provides a careful and solemn ending, following Boccaccio there as elsewhere. He shades off Troilus' death very artfully by the translation of his "light gooste" to the eighth sphere of Heaven, from which elevation he was able to look down at the mourners bewailing his decease. And then the poet is elevated in his turn and, dropping all his debonair detachment, himself translated, becomes a pulpiteer of the best. "Such fyn," he cries:

"Such fyn hath then this Troilus for love!
Such fyn hath all his greté worthinesse!"

It is fierce and powerful pulpit eloquence, mounting up and up until he reaches a height of scorning what he had previously loved from which invective may be poured out like lava from Vesuvius:

"Lo here, of payen's cursed oldé rights!
Lo here, what all their Goddés may availe!"

which, considering he began his poem by invoking the help of those same gods, seems ungrateful, not to say ungracious. The last stanza is quite simply a doxology:

"Thou one, and two, and three, eterne in life,
That reignest aye in three, and two, and one,"—

just such an accomplished and charming doxology as might be expected from Chaucer,—but, all the same, a doxology. To such strange uses did poets lend their muse when they loved paynimry and were horribly afraid of it too.

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Freed from the overshadowing of a wrath to come, Milton was able to concentrate upon poetic excellence, as indeed he did. You will look far before you find so serene and beautiful a close to a long poem as that of *Paradise Lost.* Pity and terror contend in the last paragraph. When the Archangel with his burning brand, and the attendant Cherubim, faces in the fire, descend and take possession of Eden, terror holds us; but then, pity:

"They, looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise so late their happy seat. . ."

They were mortal, that pair. Mortals have short memories, but long hopes. So—

"Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

The dream was over. Life began its "search for rest." Beautiful indeed, and exactly observed.

I must here leave the Muse with barely a glance at the Victorians, which suffices nevertheless to reveal that they adopted the rhetorical device of the peroration. Tennyson uses it in *In Memoriam* and *Maud,* Browning in *The Ring and the Book,* Swinburne, very finely, in *Tristram of Lyonesse,* and very characteristically too with his usual catchword. I don't know how many considerable poems there may be of Swinburne's which do not end with the word "sea," but believe that the fingers of one hand would be too many for them. In *Sordello* Browning chose the mediaeval colophon, the *Ci falt la geste,* when he shut down his long enigma with

"Who would has heard Sordello's story told,"

and laid himself open to the easy retort that it was not at all true. But the grandest finale of our times remains to be told: Tennyson's closing lines of *Idylls of the King.* I do not refer to the Envoy, which is only a postscript to the

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Dedication. I mean rather the end of "The passing of Arthur": Sir Bedivere on the shore, "straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand" to see the barge out of sight, "down that long water opening on the deep;" to see it go,

"From less to less and vanish into light—"

Then one more line, one more picture:

"And the new sun rose bringing the new year."

Superb! Nothing in the Idylls became Tennyson like the leaving them. They do not form an epic; but the end is epical.

And now for prose.

II.

You cannot end a book of prose as you can a poem, for the simple reason that prose does not appeal to the emotions directly, as poetry does, but by way of the reason. By emotion you can carry off anything that you may have had the passion to begin and continue; but the reason asks another satisfaction. You may win emotional assent to a proposition that two and two make three, or five. In the heat of the moment it will pass. Reason won't take it on the mere statement. If some such result is to be the outcome of your book,—and it is that of many and many a novel,—you must be careful how you conclude; and it will be seen, I think, that so the novelists have seen.

The simplest way of ending a story, you might think, would be to say, That's all, and get off your tub. It was the way, we saw, of the rough-and-ready intelligence which carved the Song of Roland out of some huge rhymed chronicle: *Ci falt la geste que Turoldus declinet.* It is the way of the colophon. But even the colophon must be meditated and prepared for; so it is not the real end but only part of it. Sir Thomas Malory has a long colophon to the *Mort d'Arthur,* including a bidding prayer on his own account; and then Caxton his printer puts in a word for himself; but it is led up to by a page which sees Lancelot and Guinevere dead, and buried, the realm of England disposed of, and the later fortunes of the few knights left alive.

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It is a deliberate, not a summary end to a great book,—the end "in calm of mind, all passion spent," which such a book should have. It is, again, the way chosen by Gibbon for *The Decline and Fall.* You have a dignified and sufficient summary of the whole work in a sentence of twelve co-ordinate clauses, set stately apart by their semi-colons. Then comes a brief reflection of the author's,—"It was among the ruins of the Capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which. . ." And then, after that momentary tribute to his personal share in it, he makes a formal submission of it "to the curiosity and candour of the public." Mannerly and contained to the last, the good Gibbon. Nobody ever came down from a tub with more self respect; yet Boswell came down pretty well too:

"Such," he concludes, "was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements and virtues were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiraiton and reverence." He was, at least, sufficiently moved to forget himself altogether,—which is very much to his credit. Yet he does not satisfy like Gibbon.

Carlyle was tired with *Frederick,* and, may be, out of conceit with it. His conclusion is short, and his colophon barbarous. "Adieu, good readers; bad also, adieu," is rather bravado than bravery. More courteous, more inclusive, serener and braver is the conclusion of *The French Revolution.* One sniff there is, at the "Citizen King, frequently shot at, not yet shot," recollection of a Teufelsdröckian prophecy, neither here nor there; and then a paragraph of valediction. "Toilsome was our journeying together; not without offence; but it is done. . . Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely; thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell." A beautiful colophon.

Carlyle was a scolding philosopher; Montaigne had been a shrugging one. His last Essai, *De l'Expérience,* is very long, but appropriately the conclusion of a ripe and profitable book. The end of the matter deals with what, accord-

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ing to him, is the end of life itself, "de scavoir jouyr loyallement de son estre." "So much art thou God," he continues "as thou knowest thyself for man." His bidding prayer is on behalf of old age, addressed to the God of Health and Wisdom,—"mais gaye et sociale." It is very French to lay down in terms at once the nature of your God and your need of him. Compare with it old Burton's "corollary and conclusion" of the *Anatomy*:

"Be not alone, be not idle:"

then, as he must always be quoting,

"Hope on, ye wretched,
Beware, ye fortunate"—

encouragement and warning in one.

The novelist, whose aim has been your entertainment, and who has never lost the habit of the marketplace in which he certainly began, had his own peculiar cares as the time approached for his last words. If he had earned applause and assent to heights and moments of his tale, could he make sure of them by a quiet end? Or must he earn them by a final shock? Should be burst into a bouquet of stars in the upper air, like a rocket? Or come down like its stick? Each way has been chosen. *The Mill on the Floss* ends sublimely in the air, or, strictly, the water; so in its own way,—not at all sublimely,—does *Tristram Shandy;* but the majority of novelists have favored the gentle decline of the narrative to the marriage,—or death-bed, and generally speaking, the longer the novel the quieter the end. Efforts to endear, however, can always be discerned. The earliest novel of all shows us an expedient in practice which has remained in use down to the Victorian age, and only been discarded by the ultra-moderns even now. Daphnis and Chloe in Longus's old tale are married at the end of the book. The last picture in it shows the lovers in each other's arms; and the last words of it are these:

"And Daphnis now profited by Lykainion's lesson; and Chloe then first knew that those things that were done in the wood were only the sweet sports of children."

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The shift is very plain. It is to recall to the memory the most moving or provocative episodes in your tale, in the hope that the thrill they afforded him once will revive in in the reader and lift you over the end. It is a sound rhetorical device by no means disdained by high practitioners in the art. Sir Walter used it in *Waverly,* when, on the last page, he recovered the *poculum potatorium* for the Baron of Bradwardine. He had an affection for the Baron, it is obvious; but he rightly felt him to have been his strongest card, and relied on him to win him the last trick. Often the novelist may be mistaken, and table the wrong card, as Dickens certainly was when he ended *Nicholas Nickleby* with tears upon Smike's grave, believing that shadow to have been a trump. He should have led Mrs. Nickleby. How wisely Jane Austen played out her hand in *Emma,* whose last paragraph is enjewelled with reflections of Mrs. Elton's:

> "Very little white satin, very few lace veils; a most pitiful business! Selina would stare when when she heard of it!"

Jane Austen was incomparable alike in beginnings and endings.

Instead of recalling with insistence your strongest points, you may make a last effort to carry off what you doubt to have been your weakest. There is much of that in both Dickens and Thackeray. In *Dombey & Son,* for example, it is evident that Dickens desired to extenuate what he felt had been an excess of starch in Mr. Dombey. The last page and a half of the book deglutinates him with a vengeance. The man of buckram ends up as a weeping goose. Agnes Wickfield in *Copperfield* had never been convincing, nor had Estella in *Great Expectations.* The last pages of those novels are devoted to the service of the pair of ladies; but the effort is too plain, and the reader withholds assent. So with Thackeray, who spends his last drop of ink in *Pendennis* on Laura, and in *Esmond* to pulling off the amazing marriage of a man and his grandmother. In vain!

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The end of *Vanity Fair* is tame, because Dobbin is tame; the true end of *The Newcomes* is the *Adsum* of Colonel Newcome: very beautiful and not to be bettered. The Epilogue, with its trite exhibition of strings and wires, had been better omitted. It is on all fours with *Don Quixote,* which really ends with the epitaph of Samson Carrasco upon the Ingenious Gentleman. The ensuing reflections of Cid Hamet Benegeli are not to the purpose, but, in fact, counter to it.

I have left almost to the last that conventional ending to novels best described as the Wedding Bells ending, or, in the consecrated fairy-tale phrase, "And they lived happily ever after." I wonder what is the attitude of the ordinary novelist to that? Fielding, now. Did he write the end of *Tom Jones* and *Amelia* with a shrug, or did he really believe that all was going to be for the best for the two charming women married to a couple of scamps? Moralist and satirist as he was to the roots, are those cynical endings? I cannot help suspecting it. No such doubt afflicts you with Anthony Trollope, who nearly always tied all his knots at the close. But Trollope worked in sober tones. His heroes and heroines had few rapturous moments, but loved temperately, hoped moderately, and if they longed said little about it. His fondness for carrying over shows us some of his young people sedately and reasonably jogging along: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gresham, Lord and Lady Lufton, Dr. Thorne and his Dunstable. We see them seated in the mean, contented if not happy. On the whole, I commend the cradle rather than the altar as a more hopeful ending. It is charmingly used by M. Anatole France in the most charming of all his books. M. France does not often incline to the idyll. The French do not. Consider the last words of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*:

"Les prisons de Parme étaient vides, le comte immensément riche, Ernest V. adoré de ses sujets, qui comparaient son gouvernment à celui des grands-ducs de Toscane."

Well may he have added to that the final address, To the

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happy few! I should do him wrong if I did not remark that it is on the last page of the novel that Stendhal mentions, for the first and only time in it, the Chartreuse de Parme itself.

The French novelists favor irony at the close. It may be that they owe it to Voltaire:

"Pangloss used to say sometimes to Candide, All the things that happen to us are linked one to another in this best of all possible worlds; for indeed if you had not been driven out of a fine castle by kicks behind for Cunégonde's sake, if you had not endured the Inquisition, traversed America on your two feet, driven your sword through the Baron's body, lost all your fine sheep of Eldorado, you would not at this moment be eating lemon preserve and pistachio nuts. It is well said, replied Candide; but we must go on digging our garden."

Flaubert adopted that sort of thing for *L 'Education Sentimentale,* whose last is its best page. It is good to have arrived there, anyhow; and pleasant to depart on a happy thought.

How nearly the latter-day, strictly modern method allies the novel to the story of Cambuscan bold, I have no space left in which to tell the strictly modern reader,—who also knows more about it than I do. Aposiopesis has its points, one of which certainly is that as anything you please has happened already, it can happen again, and may as well. But it presumes too much upon the immunity afforded by the printing press. If the modern story-teller tried that game upon an auditorium, and proposed to take himself off with his characters left sitting, it is long odds that he himself would not have anything worth talking about left to sit upon. The only requital open to the reader, unfortunately, is to cease to be one; and that is very much what I understand him to be doing.

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THE YANKTON'S LAST VOYAGE

By JOHN H. ANDERSON

SHIPS, they say, are like people; some lead quiet, unobtrusive lives in the honorable paths of the sea, plying stolidly back and forth on the world's business, unregarding and unregarded; others take lightly to the broader ways and gain, just as their human counterparts, either fame or notoriety.

There are sullen ships and gay ships, brave ones and cowards. There are fine, noble creatures, and others not so fine. And there are the insouciant and sprightly malefactors, with a devilish grace, who make lawlessness the only possible course for high-spirited adventurers. Then too, there are those ships,—called by a clever reporter the demi-mondaines of the sea,—which somehow do not live up to their aspirations for the illicit, and spend their stupid lives in the shoal waters of the safely illegal. But, fortunately, for the reputation of those who tread the rosier paths, there are some maritime cavaliers, whose glamour sheds lustre on the whole, and makes even the frankly sordid bask in the radiance of the picaresque. They are the competent vagrants who go merely for the adventure, in quest of high emprise, be it legal or no. Errantry is the thing, and there are some bright votaries at that fugitive shrine.

With such an indomitable gallant this narrative deals. Though ships are tradionally feminine this one seems essentially a masculine scatterling. Perhaps it is because she was so long a member of the navy. However that may be, this tale concerns the Yankton, of honorable lineage, whose name has been, by turn, Penelope, Sapphire, and Cleopatra.

Names seem always, with ships as with humans, to in-

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volve something of the occult. Persons who, as Max Beerbohm says, were unfortunate at the font, usually justify the misfortune. Parents, when they reach the point of naming their offspring, quite often assume the delicate functions of clairvoyance and glance furtively into the future. Sometimes they are not so accurate as they might be, and a Percival turns out to be the most redoubtable Dick. Posterity may recognize the error in time to change it.

When, therefore, the good shipmasters laid down this fine yacht at Leith in 1893 and found she was to be named Penelope, after that paragon of womanly virtue, they may have smiled in the wise manner of shipbuilders, glanced at the slender curve of her bows, or the rake of her stern, and thought other thoughts. Whether they did or not makes little difference. The splendid craft was no more a Penelope than she was a Polyanna, and before many years somebody had changed her name to Sapphire. That was obviously a phonetic improvement, though not as much in the spirit of the thing as Cleopatra, which appeared later.

Latest, and perhaps last of all, came the name which meant little before this yacht took it, and to which she gave a special meaning of its own—Yankton. Cleopatra was no name for a ship in the United States Navy, consequently when the yacht was bought by the Government and converted, she was named for the County seat of Yankton County, in South Dakota.

Yankton it was then, through two wars and many years of honorable business upon the high seas; and Yankton it still is where she lies in Newark Bay, drooping somewhat from the splendors of her former glory, and Yankton it is on the legal papers in the Federal District Court, where the lawless adventures of peace and the inscrutable ways of the sea brought her, a vanquished rum runner, the victim of her own operator, stripped of her cargo by liquor pirates, her bunkers empty, her engines cold, and her crew thirsty and starving.

Somewhere in a tale of so much adornment a moral must

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be pointed, for the character of a ship is a subtle thing, subject, like that of humans, to the slighest influence. A strong character is committed to its own destiny and a weak one to the destiny of others. Crusaders became brigands when crusading was no longer possible, not because they desired lawlessness, but because they craved adventure. It was the same with the Yankton. Little is known of her yachting days, but she doubtless acquitted herself with whatever bravery was possible under such conditions. When she was converted, though, and was mounted with 4-inch guns she became a brilliant naval creature, a ship of courage and daring.

Despite her size,—a length of only 189 feet, a beam of 27.3, and a depth of 16.7,—she took part in several engagements in the Spanish-American war, and history bears witness to her valorous behavior. Her size, her intrepidity, and the fact that her duties were generally defined not by customary practice, but by the exigencies of the moment, made her always a picturesque figure.

With her record in the Spanish-American war, her dauntless seaworthiness in the cruise of the Atlantic fleet and her dashing and debonair manner, Yankton became something of a tradition in the Navy, a sort of embodiment of those qualities which we like to think of as the spirit of the American Navy.

At the end of the world cruise the Yankton resumed the normal routine of a naval vessel, nor do we find many outstanding features in her official life until after the war, in which she served as a dispatch vessel in the Mediterranean. The event which is, perhaps, the most important as far as this narrative is concerned, occurred in October, 1921, when the Yankton was sold at public auction, and, in a manner of speaking, began her last voyage. Peace and the commonplaces of civilian life offered little to so gallant a craft. Was she then to forget her past and resign herself to the fate of ships that merely plod, never to feel again at her bows the waves that lead to adventure? Had romance actually van-

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ished from the seven seas and had the last pirate and privateer been safely stowed in Davy Jones's locker?

Perhaps they had for most ships, but not for the Yankton. Love is no more versatile than adventure in finding a way, if one be diligently sought. And here was one ready for vessels such as this. Lawlessness for its own sake had been banished, but law had provided a convenient substitute in contraband liquor. With a nation athirst and the sea the same old sea there was still adventure, and the Yankton entered blithely not so much into business, we like to think, as into a new and thrilling sport.

Footloose then, and free, Yankton lay in Havana harbor late in last December under British registry again, and about to begin her last cruise for "a New York concern." On her decks, which once had shaken to gunfire in those same waters, was a nondescript crew made up for the most part of negroes, but containing a sprinkling of Cubans, Spaniards, Mexicans, Venezuelans, Italians, Portuguese, and British. At the head of this ill-assorted group was one C. Bidlon, a taciturn skipper, more eloquent, no doubt, in the Spanish than in the English tongue. He knew, though, how to keep his mouth shut, a valuable asset in any language.

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There was a preliminary skirting about the coast, a run over to Nassau, the Bahamas, and then to Miami where a supercargo, Corn by name, but not Barley, was picked up. Clearing Miami, Yankton went back to Havana and there took on board a ton of tobacco and 8,000 cases of grain alcohol, a commodity whose magic has brought about the amazing union between modern big business and pure romance, a Union called by the unlovely name—bootlegging.

Thus committed by her very cargo to the less regular conduct of affairs, the little Yankton slipped quietly out of Havana some warm day in January and pointed her rakish and confident bows in the general direction of that popular port, St. Pierre, Miquelon.

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All was not in any sense smooth sailing. The Atlantic was having one of its tempermental winters, and even great liners came into port battered and smashed by a succession of storms. Yankton nosed cautiously up the coast, through fair waters, and pushed her petulant prow into the thickest sort of weather off Hatteras. Any port, they say, in a storm, but a good many ports are not so friendly when you are carrying alcohol in the hold, and the Yankton had to stick it out as best she could.

About the middle of February the Yankton had made Ambrose Lightship, and lay there for a bit. It was, however, a nervous sort of business, and very soon the restless ship moved up to the Rhode Island coast, about fourteen miles off Providence. While anchored there, so a member of the crew more loquacious than Capt. Bidlon said, the Yankton transferred two thousand cases of the alcohol and a ton of tobacco to smaller craft, and they, in turn, took it ashore.

Through the rest of February and the whole of March the Yankton hovered off the coast of New York. The weather was cold, with heavy seas and high wind, no easy matter for a ship of any size.

"In early April," said the seaman, "We steamed south to Montauk Point. Late in April we shifted thirty-five hundred cases of alcohol to the British steamer Cavalier. The supercargo went aboard the Cavalier and said he'd return later and pay off the crew. He never came back."

So they waited, those men in the Yankton, compulsory tenants on the famous Rum Row, their ship side by side with the less distinguished company of floating warehouses. Bobbing complacently up and down where the long swells begin their final rush for beaches hostile to the rum fleet were ships of every sort, ships that would, with few exceptions, have been awaiting quiet disintegration in the back washes of the sea, had not this amazing and prosperous illegality overtaken them.

This disappearance of the benign Mr. Corn was not the

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last nor the least of the Yankton's misfortunes. Storms might be weathered, or they might not. Good ships took the chance. Bad business, too, was one of the traditional risks of seamanship. But men must have food, and so must engines, and presently starvation stared both in the face. Stores were low and growing lower with each meal, the bottoms of the boxes began to show through the last slight layer of fuel, and still no Mr. Corn. Yankton's adventure turned into a matter of mathematics, and the soul of it departed. Sooner or later the end of things would come, but the sea, being as inexorable as a Greek dramatist, was not yet through with the ship. For the last factor in these incredible modern sea stories had not appeared. Pirates still flourish off the American coast, strange anachronisms without the glamorous trappings of the older practitioners of the art.

No Jolly Roger flies tauntingly at the masthead of these Twentieth Century harpies, nor are their rails lined with gorgeous black-hearted fiends, girt about with red sashes. Inefficient but charming cutlasses have given way to deadlier and more eloquent methods of persuasion, in this the final invasion of romance by commerce. It was an ordinary tug that drew up alongside the Yankton and it was a group of ordinary roustabouts who demanded the Yankton's cargo of alcohol. The men on the Yankton objected and, according to the talkative seaman, the pirates told a plausible story of representing "the owners." In the absence of the thoughtful Corn there might have been a reasonable doubt as to who the owners were, but the men of the Yankton held to their objections. Good, business-like pistols, however, proved a powerful argument, and half the remaining cases presently went overside to the tugboat.

More days of starvation rations and starvation fuelling. Days of cold on which men, driven almost to despair by the overwhelming odds against them, burned the furnishings of the once-fine yacht. Three miles was the nearest those men dared venture toward a port of relief with their guilty cargo

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still on board, and three might have been three hundred for all the good it did them.

Four more weary days passed, the crew waiting with the forlorn hope of men who know but will not think of their own hopelessness. Then the stage manager of this delicate struggle of men facing a choice between saving the cargo and saving their own lives, played the last trump. Another pirate craft came along and relieved the Yankton of the rest of the alcohol. There was then, technically and legally, no reason why the ship could not seek help at the nearest port. Ripping out the remaining bunks and partitions, and splitting the wood into kindling, the crew steered straight for the protective Statue of Liberty on literally their last furnaceful of fuel.

They found food and warmth, and a welcome that was truly cordial, for such a prize seldom falls into the lap of vigilant officials sworn to catch smugglers. These officials found not a drop of alcohol on board, but better still as far as they were concerned, they found papers which they hope will provide a valuable link in a chain of evidence against a nation-wide ring of liquor smugglers. Members of the crew were held as material witnesses and many of them libelled the Yankton for wages long due.

Thus it was that the Yankton passed back into the Government's custody, not as a ship of the Navy, but as a prize of war, a war in which soldiers of fortune give their lives, and sometimes life itself, to the precarious business of rum-running. Will this, the latest trip of the Yankton, be her last voyage? Probably not. Some unregenerate ships have been seized as rum runners, have been sold, and have gone back to rum-running. Perhaps the Yankton has learned her lesson, and will be content to round out her adventurous career doing,—only the Yankton knows what.

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THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(7) Republican—Leonard Wood

By J. B. W. GARDINER

IN a National Convention, called for the purpose of nominating a party candidate for the Presidency of the United States, the lightning has been known to strike in quarters that were entirely unexpected. The nomination of President Harding is a case in point,—he was a very weak preconvention candidate. He could not even carry to the convention the full strength of the delegation from his native state. In Chicago while the convention was actually in session it was freely rumored that three days before the nomination was made Mr. Dougherty, his campaign manager, tried to get a release from the Congress Hotel of Mr. Harding's headquarters, because his stock was at such a low ebb that any saving out of what seemed to be a wreck was worth while. Whether or not this rumor was correct, however, the fact remains that to the country Mr. Harding's nomination was totally unexpected. This, however, is the exception rather than the rule. Usually the reverse is the case,—the nomination falling on shoulders that were long before prepared to receive it.

This will probably be the case in 1924 if Mr. Harding sees fit to make a determined effort to succeed himself. In that event the Republican party cannot fail to renominate him unless it wishes to go on record as repudiating its own and making a public acknowledgment of the futility, the ineptitude, the failure, of its four years in power. If Mr. Harding withdraws, then will come a deluge of candidates, almost any of whom may be called upon to take up the burden which the Republican National Convention of 1920 placed on Mr. Harding's shoulders. Many of the men

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whose names have been mentioned in this series of articles have as much chance as the proverbial tallow dog had of catching an asbestos rabbit in a forest fire. Some of these undoubtedly do possess some of the qualifications essential to a successful Chief Executive of the nation. Very often, however, qualifications are beside the point. Our history does not show that men are invariably nominated because of their fitness or ability to do the job for which they were chosen. But this series of articles has not been limited only to those who will be formidable candidates, nor only to those whose past history would indicate an ability to occupy the presidential chair. Rather it has been extended to cover those who are or have been in the public eye, who are nationally known, and who may be expected to go to the convention with the delegation from all or a majority of the states in their portfolio.

On the assumption that Mr. Harding will not become a candidate to succeed himself, no symposium embracing opinions on possible successors would be complete without the name of Leonard Wood. General Wood was easily the outstanding figure of the 1920 Convention; he was by all odds the choice of the majority of the rank and file of his party for the nomination, and if we had a really popular government within our dominant parties, he would have been nominated.

General Wood's qualifications for the Presidency were widely advertised in the preconvention campaign of 1920: his loyalty to his ideals, which were always practical ideals since they were within the limits of realization; his patriotism; his readiness to make any personal sacrifice that the good of the country might demand of his executive ability, —these are qualities which are generally recognized. General Wood is far from wealthy, in fact has practically no income except his pay from the government. Yet because he was called upon to bring order out of the chaos of the Philippines, he sacrificed what would have been a life-time position at the University of Pennsylvania to obey that call

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and with it gave up a much-needed salary that was to have been many times what he will receive as a retired officer of the army. It is not generally known, but it is none the less true, that before he accepted the Philippine assignment, he was offered by certain European powers a truly princely salary to undertake the restoration of one of the smaller countries most seriously affected by the war. This he also gave up because he felt that his own country had assigned him a task, and it was his duty to do it. This is a conception of service that is too rare in our public men, most of whom are more concerned with the gratification of personal ambition. But it is men with just this idea of service that the country needs in its high offices.

His services in the Philippines during the past three years have brought him fresh laurels. His record as a colonial administrator,—so well established in Cuba,—has been brought up-to-date under circumstances more trying, and if anything more difficult, than those which prevail in Cuba. In the latter case his country and its officials were unanimously with him. During the past three years many have been against him because he has persistently declared that the Filipino is not yet ready for complete independence. His reports to our own government, his messages to the Philippine Congress have shown the same intimate knowledge of the affairs of the government, the same vision, the same breadth of view that marked his administration of Cuba. He has resisted alike political pressure from home, and the pressure of powerful commercial interests, and has declined to do that which his judgment told him should not be done. He has kept faith, and has met his problems courageously without thought or consideration of self.

With the problems that will face the next President he is not only widely familiar but is probably better able to cope than any of the prospective candidates whose names have been pushed forward so prominently in recent months. The greater of these problems is not that of Europe and our relations with Europe. Our present European problem,—that

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of the World Court,—is no issue on which to frame a political campaign. It is a mere bugaboo. As a problem it is political clap-trap. It enables those who have no particular issue through which they may focus attention on themselves, to make an issue by magnifying the importance of the results of our joining the World Court. A suit of clothes and an overcoat have been constructed from a film of gossamer.

The problems that will mean most to the country and to its electorate during the next four years after Harding are essentially domestic. Taxation, its form, its amount, and its adjustments; immigration, at present controlled by inadequate, ineffective rule-of-thumb legal provisions, passed as an emergency measure with no scientific basis to support it and left untouched for nearly six years; labor and capital, the rightfulness of one law for one, another law for another, the right of a body of men, millions in number, banded together for a common purpose, to be generally exempt from legal process, without legal responsibility or accountability,—these are but a few of the problems facing us here at home and transcending in importance the yes or no to the World Court question. There are problems, too, which have not been met squarely by any administration with an obvious intention of settling them for the good of the country at large, without regard to the howling of the demagogues or the noisy protests of an organized few who clamor for special privilege through class legislation. In work of this character General Wood's star should shine with particular brillance. But—

There comes a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads to fortune. Leonard Wood's tide was in full flood in 1920. Then was his opportunity. The presidency was within his grasp,—he had but to stretch out his hand, avoid the brambles that had been placed to guard it, and the flower was his. But he became involved in the brambles, and while he was disengaging himself some one walked off with the prize. The tide in his affairs, as far as the nomination was concerned, turned, and the ebb set

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in. No such opportunity will again come to him,—as a presidential candidate he is through.

This is written with a feeling of admiration and personal affection for a big, human, broad-minded man, who, however, is not only not a politican but who is ignorant of the principles of both politics and politicians. Nor was he wise enough to appreciate his political weakness and overcome it by placing his affairs in the hands of one who possessed what he lacked. Because he ignored the advice and accumulated wisdom of the seasoned political campaigners, he filled them with distrust of what he might do if nominated. Politically, therefore, no matter to what extent his personal popularity may have survived the 1920 debacle, he is without supporters.

Nominations are made by the delegates to the convention. These delegates are organization men selected in large part from the local organization clubs. They come to the convention recognizing the authority of a particular political leader to whom their selection was due, and with a sense of fealty to that leader. These leaders control the convention and the votes of the delegates. The candidate who can marshal in his camp the leaders who control a majority of the votes wins the nomination. Here is Wood's fatal lack. He has not the support of any of these political leaders, it is difficult to see how he can gain such support, and without it no nomination can be.

Another consideration is that the Republican party, for whatever reason, is likely to have hard sledding in the 1924 election. The elections of 1922 forecast that. Therefore it cannot afford to nominate any man, even though he possess the essential qualities of a Chief Executive in the high degree that Wood does, who has any vulnerable point in his present or past open to attack. The Democrats will not permit the expenditure of money in the 1920 campaign to pass into oblivion. The charges then,—first brought out by a democratic paper on information given by an enemy of General Wood's political faith and fathered subsequently

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by a demogogic blatherskite of the same faith in the Senate, —the charges that General Wood was trying to buy the Presidency, would be received with augmented virulence. Ridiculous as they were and as they still are, they would nevertheless carry weight in many quarters and create an additional obstacle which the party would have to hurdle at the polls. And the party has enough obstacles to avoid as it is. It is on the defensive because of many things it has done and left undone. It will not willingly add to the list.

Therefore, able as he is, qualified as are few men of his party, and certainly with a record for administrative achievement that no man of the country can parallel, General Wood's chances for the Republican nomination in 1924 seem to be so slender as to be indiscernible.

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THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(7) Democratic—Henry Ford

By CHARLES W. THOMPSON

A TREMENDOUS amount of noise is going to be made by the Henry Ford boom, constantly increasing in volume until it roars its way into a climax at the Convention and there expires amid horrendous convulsions. It may have a second life in the shape of a third party; for Mr. Ford, outside of business and manufacturing, is an easy mark and always falls into the hands of the most plausible person who can get to him. In politics especially he is the victim of his delusion that a rich man can hire brains to make up for his own deficiencies, as a result of which delusion the best brains in the gold brick fraternity work their will on him. Nevertheless, he sets out with a large and sincere following, consisting mainly of those who recognize their intellectual kinship with him and instinctively respond to some force within him which they cannot analyze. He too, it must be remembered, is large and sincere. If he were to be nominated for President, it would be the first case on record where either or any of the great parties has extended that nomination to the average man; for Ford is the concentrated essence of the average man, with all his honest intentions, gigantic foolishnesses, and colossal mistakes and ignorance.

If the experience of one hundred and forty years can be relied on, the majority of the American people do not want the average man to be President. They generally do not want a great man either, but they at least expect the President to know a little more than they do. Democracy is satisfied when it can call the President Abe or Teddy or Andy. It does not really wish him to act as if he were merely the Abe or Teddy or Andy who lives in the next

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block and who gets his wisdom from the sporting page of the evening paper.

In all this the instinct of the American people is correct; for most of the harm done in government is done not through wickedness but through foolishness. This is going to be especially noticeable in the case of Mr. Ford, for between now and next June or July, when the Conventions will be over, his boom will have accomplished a great deal in the way of exciting hatred, envy, and bigotry. It will have arrayed all kinds of citizens against each other, the foreign born against the native born, Jew against Gentile, Catholic against Protestant, white against black. If it does not accomplish all this, it will not be for lack of trying, and the worst of it is that Mr. Ford has the money to go a long way in reaching these results. If he could be conceived of as a presidential candidate, it could be only as the candidate of capitalized and consolidated hatred. Yet that benevolent man has no idea that his candicacy represents anything of the kind or that his success would mean anything but the highest good for the American people. In politics or public affairs of any sort he has no inhibitions whatever, and counts himself as free to make a platform of his prejudices as does a gabby talker in a barber's chair. Neither he nor the barber's customer has the slightest idea of consequences; and both think they can say, "The Jews and Catholics are a lot of bums" without doing any harm. The barber's customer, of course, is right; the Presidential candidate is not, and that is one reason why he cannot get the nomination. Even the negro, destitute of friends as he often seems, has this much influence,—that nobody could be nominated or even carry the primaries of the solid South on a platform of hatred for the negro. Ex-Senator Vardaman of Mississippi demonstrated not long ago that on that platform, once it is thoroughly understood, you cannot even carry Mississippi.

Mr. Ford is a great manufacturer and business man, and like some others of whom the same can be said,—Thomas A.

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Edison, for example,—he imagines that this makes him equally great in any field he may choose to tackle. Mr. Edison knows everything there is to know about electricity, and therefore thinks he is an authority on what becomes of the soul after death; on which subject his opinion is worth just as much as that of an Australian bushman. Mr. Ford, however, adds to this his own pet delusion that ignorance of politics and government can be remedied by buying brains to express one's opinions and supply all lapses of information. The truth is that positive genius in commerce or manufactures may and generally does run along with complete childishness in politics or literature. Mr. Ford's famous remark that he did not read history because it was "all bunk" was commendably candid, yet it showed an attitude toward politics and public affairs which ranks him considerably below Lincoln, let us say, and not much above Andy or Henry the coalheaver, because it is evident in both cases that the possessor of that opinion had no basis for it, and merely expressed a prejudice born of ignorance.

But his fundamental disqualification for the presidency and especially for a nomination by a major party lies in the ease with which he falls a victim to any glib talker who is smart enough to fall in line with his prejudices and help them along. The most famous case of the kind was that of the peace ship in 1915, in which he was the victim of that ingenious adventuress Rosika Schwimmer. It was her peace ship, not Ford's; he was merely engaged in his hopeless occupation of "buying the best brains" to prove an innocent theory, and was beguiled into believing that she possessed them. Rosika's misfortune was that all the rag and bobtail of half-baked and unscrupulous parlor Socialists immediately swarmed aboard the peace ship and rendered it ridiculous. She probably did possess brains enough to have steered the ship to a less comical ending, or at least to have kept Ford from finding out the truth when he did and abandoning the ludicrous project. This, however, is only one example of Ford's whole career in politics. He probably

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set it down as a mistake such as any man might make, and did not see that the fault was fundamental with himself.

The crowd that is now using him through the medium of his *Dearborn Independent* has more brains than Rosika so far as avoiding an immediate downfall is concerned, but it evidently does not care what becomes of Ford and will be on Easy Street when the crash comes. At present it is steering him straight into the arms of the Ku Klux Klan, and a year from now Ford will no doubt have the deadly support of that organization in his presidential ambition. That will gain him many delegates, especially in the South. But no Convention of a major party, however near it has come to it, has ever yet made a fool of itself, not even the Democratic Convention of 1896, which nominated the best vote-getter in the party. There is a saving grace of common sense that has always, so far at least, come to the rescue of the American people.

One of the exasperating features of Mr. Ford's candidacy is his perfect sincerity. So far from having the glimmer of a suspicion that he does harm, he thinks of himself as a friend and uplifter of the people. His intentions, even while he is most devastating, are of the purest. This is so well recognized that it is the true basis of that responsiveness to him which we have already mentioned. The ordinary honest man recognizes his own portrait in Ford. Moreover, unless he happens to belong to one of the classes Ford has banned, he recognizes his own prejudices. Ford says, or the brains he has bought say for him, just what the ordinary honest man has been thinking. Even Ford's gaucheries are his.

Very likely, in the long run, the radicalism of the Democratic Party will cluster around Ford, and any other radical candidates will see their vote in the Convention decline and wither to the aggrandizement of Ford's vote. The upshot will probably be a constantly swelling vote for the manufacturer on ballot after ballot. The Democratic rule that the successful candidate must receive at least two-

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thirds of the vote generally operates to prevent a nomination on the early ballots. If there are several candidates, as there usually are, nobody can get two-thirds of the vote until after there have been ballots enough to weed out the weaker brethren. As candidate after candidate withdraws, the radical vote will go in increased numbers to Ford, who is the outstanding radical and has the confidence of the radical rank and file. His following will be made up of all kinds of Adullamites, those who are radicals or malcontents on entirely different grounds, and who agree in nothing but discontent,—the Ku Kluxers who hate the immigrant and the Catholic, the anti-Semites, the negro-baiters, and every variety of progressive and social reformer.

Despite which, nothing can be wilder than the supposition that these elements can ever get control of the Democratic Convention by a two-thirds vote. They can make considerable noise, but all the big delegations, such as those of New York and Illinois, will stand out against them to the last. It is true that the Democrats of Pennsylvania went a little mad last year, but they had nothing to lose by it, since Pinchot's election was a foregone conclusion. The Democratic donkey usually kicks up his heels and indulges in a roll on the grass only when such antics can do no harm. That saving grace of common sense always finds its way to the front in a real emergency. If 1896 is quoted as an exception, it is a sufficient answer that the debacle of the Democratic party, which threw it into the hands of Bedlam and Populism in that year and for a full year before, bears no resemblance to the present situation in the party, and that a year before the Convention it shows no more signs of being Bedlamized than the Republican party. It will not be the Heflins who run the next Democratic Convention, or McAdoo would not be, as he seems to be, the leading candidate, with Underwood and Ralston next and close to him. It must be recognized, too, that even after the Democratic party had rushed from Grover Cleveland to Tillman and Altgeld, it was by no means destitute of shrewdness in 1896.

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Not a single one of the candidates before the Chicago Convention in that year was a possibility until Bryan put in his appearance and was instinctively recognized as the one man who could make a campaign. If Altgeld had been eligible to the presidency, he had the ability and would have been nominated; but Boies, Pattison, McLean, Tillman,—one has only to run over the list of candidates to see that no choice was presented to that Convention. As it was, despite Bryan's ultimate defeat, he succeeded in giving Mark Hanna a very bad scare.

But, although it is impossible to conceive any way by which Mr. Ford can get the nomination in the present Democratic situation, his boom, stimulated by all the arts of advertising and publicity, is certain within a year to make so much noise that a good many people will be frightened. The very character of his mixed following, among whom the pro-Germans of the late war loom large, will swell the noise while at the same time making his nomination still nearer to impossibility. There is nothing to worry about, but between now and next June there will be enough uproar to make it advisable to remind good citizens generally of that fact.

TO AN ENEMY

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

They who loved me, left me still
Weak in purpose, weak in will.
It is your hate that made me strong
To hate first you and then the wrong.

They who loved me, lazily
Left the dead boughs still in me.
You who prune dead branch and root—
It is to you I owe the fruit.

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A NEW THEORY OF ACTING

By RITA MATTHIAS

THE epoch of change in which we are living,—resulting from the wars and revolutions of the past decade,—is expressing itself everywhere in an altered art: in the most popular of the arts,—that of the theatre,—first and most drastically of all. The conventional theatre has outlived itself and our present-day stage teems with experiments that in a groping way seek to express the particular psychology of whatever it is we are living through.

Hitherto it was the object of a theatrical performance to present to the *mind* of the audience as comfortably and comprehensively as possible, the ethical or philosophic content of a logical sequence of events. The important thing was the intellectual assimilation by the audience of the subject matter as such. This was essential to the "old" drama, whose kernel invariably lay in the conflict into which the characters were thrown.

There came in time to be two recognized methods of making this intellectual transmission of the drama to the public seem "dramatic": first the exaggeration of the conflict, and second the hyperstimulation of the nerves of the public through spectacular excitement. This went on until an inversion took place and the means frankly became the end. Excitement was the sole object kept in view, and to it the presentation of the dramatic idea was subordinated. The audience was provided not with ideas, but with more or less nerve-racking sensation, which turned the art of the theatre into mere virtuosity. This mode of procedure may for a time satisfy the public, but virtuosity in the long run is bound to leave it unmoved, and the present reversion to a

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special sort of simplicity on the stage in serious drama merely goes to show that the public was dissatisfied with the tricks that were presented to it in the name of art.

There is a new drama arising to meet the need of expression of the modern human being who is coming into existence as a product of our age of transition. Today each individual realizes as he has perhaps never before done, his inherent isolation in the world. Each man stands consciously alone, the bearer of his own soul, opposed to a universe which has become extraneous to him. He knows that he is alone and that the old conflicts which were in the past his dramatic food,—because they were a part of his life,—no longer really move him. It is the drama of this situation, a subtler drama than the old, that we seem to be developing.

The currents that move us, that touch our souls, lie deeper, and these are calling for expression, are creating their drama. And although it is true that each man out of his isolation looks at the rest of the world from an objective distance, it is unavoidable that he should none the less swing in the rhythm of the forces about him.

Modern drama takes cognizance of this changed attitude in the modern man by seeking to establish a new relationship between the audience and itself. It becomes a work of art only in the moment when giver and receiver meet in the theatre. The old drama was comparable to a statue; it was presented to the audience all finished and immovable as marble. The new drama is comparable to a piece of music which flows past and reaches the state of being a "work of art" only during performance. The old drama had both positive and negative pole within itself. But the modern audience is the negative pole without which there can be no electric current.

Thus the inner need of the present-day audience in some way to take part in the performance, not merely to remain an unparticipating spectator, is what has caused much of what is termed "Expressionism" on our modern stage.

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The new drama must not appeal to the intellect alone. Rather must it be like a dream and speak to the intuition and phantasy. The play itself is the dream of the poet. The performance is the dream of the spectator. This is why in so many modern plays the technique approaches that of the dream. This means that the performance must be unreal in the same sense as the dream, but not that it may in any sense be illogical, for dreams have their own relentless logic.

And as a dream is always just a dream, so the theatre must remain theatre and never pretend to actuality. It would only frustrate itself if it failed to admit this, for the fourth wall is always missing on the stage and the gap from the theatre to the street is unbridgeable. But these facts only serve to heighten the illusion, if we are allowed to remain conscious that it *is* an illusion.

The foundation of every theatrical performance is of course the work of the dramatist: the written play. The object of the performance is to convey the essence of the drama to the public as directly as possible. That means that every bit of life latent in the play must be brought into activity, must be made as fluid as possible, must attain the greatest possible degree of plasticity. In other words the drama must be resolved into its component vibrations (*Schwingungen*), these must be vitalized, and not one atom of dead ballast must be left over. This of necessity demands a new method of acting.

What means are at the disposal of the dramatic artist (by which I mean the actor) who wishes to become the transmittor of what I must term the "new" drama?

To describe what it is that happens between the audience and the stage is as impossible as to describe the effect of a symphony by analyzing it in so many words. But it is possible to speak of certain philosophic concepts which must be realized by the actor and which will then, through his intuition, take a form in harmony with the new drama, becoming its instrument of expression.

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To resolve the drama into its component vibrations the actor has three means at his disposal, very simple and primitive means: sound, motion, and color. All three are themselves vibrations. The task of the actor, reduced to its simplest terms, is to transpose the written word of the dramatist, which is the basis of the theatrical performance, into terms of sound, motion, and color.

Let us keep to our parallel of music: every musician knows that what he produces is reducible to terms of air vibrations. Knowing this, he builds up in his consciousness the laws of his particular means of artistic expression. That he must have a technique before he can give scope to his intuition, is a matter of course to him. But the actor has hitherto failed to realize the analogy between his mode of artistic expression and that of the other arts, perhaps because the art of the stage has never had its own laws, but has variously and with changing emphasis used the laws of the other arts involved in a stage production: music, painting, sculpture or architecture, poetry; or at best some hit-or-miss combination of the laws of all these. For until an art has produced its creative genius it possesses no code of laws.

It is not enough for the modern actor, interpreting the new drama, to stand on the stage and speak his lines, more or less adequately pretending to be doing certain deeds and feeling certain emotions the while. He must realize the importance of the fact that his own body is his instrument, as the violin is the instrument of the musician. He must realize that he has at his disposal nothing more concrete than the vibrations of his voice, and of his movements within the frame of the scenery and to the accompaniment of changing lights. I should like to include costume and make-up in the term "frame." These are the means at his command, and through their aid he must, as it were, convert a rôle into terms of meaningful sound, musically modulated, and rhythmic motion,—I could almost say that he must sing and dance each rôle,—with the work of the drama-

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tist as his point of departure, the emotional consciousness of the audience as his goal, and his own personality as his vehicle of transportation.

The result is a very real and directly comprehensible performance, which will effectively do away with what we have often regarded as the obscureness of expressionistic drama. The actor may not even at first see a very great difference between the results of this method and his previous mode of working. And, of course, it is true that the great actor has unconsciously been realizing this theory in every age and place.

The actor must be aware of the fact that his every motion means something in the drama, that every modulation of his voice is a note in a musical accord. He will then instinctively eliminate the casual ballast that may have been all very well in the type of play in which the audience was given a sensation (Why! this is just like real life!) by seeing somebody on the stage clean a real fish for a real supper, as I once saw Elsa Lehman do in Hauptmann's "Biberpelz."

The timeliness of this theory of acting seems to me to be almost self-evident when we see what the scenic artist has been doing in the past few years. For example: whereas a forest used to be shown us as a collection of papier-maché trunks of trees, with thousands of leaves carefully sewn on a visible net, which we were supposed to ignore, today there is a green and brown light thrown on a cyclorama, which gives us unmistakably a feeling of forest and the appropriate mood of forest. And there will be perhaps just one gnarled trunk in the foreground, around which the action of the scene centers,—centers to such a degree that this tree may be said to be taking part in the play.

There must, to create a harmonious whole, be a parallel abstraction in the art of the actor. There must be one law for drama, scenery, and acting. They must all play together, using related means in order to produce a unified work of art. This is not easy for the actor, for the reason that his instrument is his body,—something in itself inca-

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pable of more than a certain degree of abstraction. But if he resolves his concept of a role into its component vibrations and remains in conscious emotional harmony with his surroundings he will have done all that lies in his power. Always for the "new" drama, be it understood.

Gordon Craig has gone so far in his idea of harmonization between play, scenery, and actor that he would reduce the actor to a marionette. This is the perfectly logical *ad absurdum* of the new theory. But in practice it is negligible, because we need the actor's personality,—just as we need that of the musician to interpret a musical composition. The gramophone does not really replace the singer. The marionette cannot take the place of the actor. And even Craig is forced to let an invisible actor speak!

I have repeatedly used the dangerous word "expression," —dangerous, because it has been overburdened with meanings and everything in the realm of all the arts that has in any way deviated from the beaten path of late years, has been called "Expressionism."

All art must, of course, be the expression of something. But the art which may justifiably be called expressionistic aims to present not to our minds but to our intuitive faculties the essence of life; not as the Impressionist does, who reproduces the life of the street, the life of the peasant, the life of lovers, as it appears to him in reality, not the generalization of a particular portion of life, but the very soul of life itself, that particular something which is beyond the reach of our reasoning apparatus. Perhaps we may put it like this: the impressionist enters into life and art from without. The expressionist travels from within outward.

It brings us no nearer a conception of these problems to speak of form and content in art, or of body and soul in life. Remove either the body or the soul from a living being and you destroy both without having arrived anywhere nearer solving the riddle of life. Analogously, remove either form or content from a work of art and you are further than ever from discovering what art is. Neither

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life nor art can be defined intellectually; therefore all that is said about them in words must of necessity be merely approximative. Yet it is something to realize that there is just this one elusive and indefinable element in art that binds together the hordes of isolated human beings, the children of our present-day civilization. It is this that makes it possible for them to have common emotional experiences where words and daily life, business and conventions serve only to isolate them more completely.

I have called the art of the theatre the most popular of the arts. It has in fact the most general appeal, and a modern performance unites most democratically a whole community of artists (playwright, actors, decorators, musicians) and another community of laymen (the audience) in the creation of a work of art. This is, in our day, a self-conscious ideal, and as we of the younger generation have taken the trouble to think it out we claim it as modern. The only modern aspect of it is that we have *stated* it; or, at most, refined and projected it with the aid of twentieth-century thoughts and appliances. At bottom the ideal, like every good modern ideal, is as old as humanity itself, for it has been at the root of every triumphal procession, every war-dance, every maypole ceremony, every civic pageant that has ever fused the spirit of any group of performers and spectators in a single channel.

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WHY IS A REPUBLICAN?

By GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

WHICH way is the Republican Party going? Is its defeat at the coming Presidential election inevitable? Is the reactionary element within the party going to repeat the story of 1912 when in its indifference to victory or defeat, principle or issue, it sacrificed everything that it might control the election machinery? These are some of the questions that many intelligent Republicans are asking themselves,—asking not in any hopeful spirit.

Up to the time that President Harding discovered the Permanent Court of International Justice, it looked as if the party would go to defeat in 1924, at least a unanimous minority. Now it looks as if it will go to defeat as a very much divided minority. To some it would seem that the only question at the present time is which minority will be on top when the party finally lands at the bottom of the 1924 abyss.

To arrive at any understanding of the situation, it is necessary first to clear away the political rubbish which encumbers the outlook. Such are the always optimistic prognostications of the petty leaders; the meaningless interviews with "well known" but unnamed Senators (generally Jim Watson); the formal editorial of the formal Republican paper, carrying the election advertising but no conviction,—all to the effect that the party is getting stronger and that President Harding after his Alaskan trip will be so strong that he will be nominated unanimously, and elected by a larger majority, etc., etc. If the party is to have the slightest chance of success in 1924, one of the first essentials is to cast aside all this abracadabra, and at the same time silence

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men like the President of the National Republican Club of New York, who recently declared that he would drive out of the party men of the brain power of Senators Johnson, Borah, and LaFollette,—a rather large order for a man weighing 147 pounds.

As in 1912 these and the other gentlemen who constitute the "machine" are indifferent to everything but the moment, view with extreme distaste any suggestion that all is not going well, and regard almost with hatred those who suggest changing the ship's course. There are some of the more intelligent members of the "machine" who realize the rocks ahead, but they beg you not to talk about them. Their attitude is similar to that of the commercial travelers of whom the late Charles Frohman was fond of relating an anecdote:

The two salesmen were gamblers at heart and almost starved when they could not follow that avocation. After a long journey in non-gambling territory, they arrived in a town where the hotel clerk informed them that if they went three blocks to the right, two to the left, up a blind alley, and knocked three times, they might be admitted into sacred precincts wherein there was a roulette layout. This they did and were enjoying themselves to the full when the shrewder one nudged the other and whispered sharply:

"Jim, are you on?"

"On to what?" returned his partner.

"It's a brace game; let's quit."

"Shut up, you fool! This is the only place in town."

There is one great difference between the situation of today and the situation of 1912. Then, all the expert political machinists were lined up on one side and the money of the country, with the exception of a small group headed by Frank Munsey and George Perkins, backed the Administration or the machine. Despite his great career and great influence with the people, Colonel Roosevelt had only three friends in the Senate, Senators Dixon, Poindexter, and Moses Clapp.

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Today there are seventeen Republican Senators to be elected in 1924, and the leaders of the Senate are more concerned with keeping the Senate Republican than they are with nominating any particular candidate for the Presidency. The majority of the Senators who do any political thinking now believe that Mr. Harding, if nominated, will be defeated.

There is another difference.

The old buccaneer leaders of the Republican party,—Penrose, Murray Crane, and the others who were adept in collecting the funds from "Business" (and, incidentally, adepts in using them),—succeeded in lining up "Business" against Roosevelt. Moreover, there was then an oligarchical leadership in "Business," for those were days when Wall Street and "Business" toadied to the elder J. P. Morgan as we hope they will never toady to another man. The political machinery was well financed and all that Roosevelt had was the rank and file of the party.

Today "Business" is indifferent and democratic. Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, the active head of the firm of Morgan, is a supporter of the League of Nations, while Republican business men and financiers begin by damning Congress, and while they have not reached the point yet where they are damning the President, their attitude is one of hopeless indifference.

So to answer the question that we asked at the beginning of this article, as far as the human eye can discern, the Republican party is not going anywhere or any way; it has just stuck in the mud.

Secondly, its defeat at the coming Presidential election is, in the minds of even Republicans, almost a certainty.

Thirdly, the reactionary element in the party would gladly repeat the performance of 1912, but unfortunately the old leaders of the reactionaries, the ones who know how to go out and get the money, have died, and without money there is not the same incentive to run a losing campaign. As one leader declared, unless there is a change in condi-

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tions, "we won't get subway carfare from the county headquarters back to the district club."

Does the fault lie entirely with President Harding? Has he had the saving of the party in his hands, and has he failed by the exercise of the proper leadership to head his party in the right direction? These are serious questions and a Republican dislikes to answer them frankly, but all the evidence is certainly against the President. The severest indictment, I fear, is to be found in the fact that he has surrounded himself only with men inclined to the most obvious flattery. One of the friendships for which he has been most criticised,—that of Mr. Lasker, head of the Shipping Board,—is said to be based on the fact that Mr. Lasker is always telling the President how deep is his affection, while the President takes delight in informing Mr. Lasker of his great admiration,—an unfortunate pair of children. Men of fine character, men who are really intensely loyal to Mr. Harding, men in whom he seems to have inspired a noble devotion, have admitted to me that they do not feel free to tell him of the disagreeable things people are saying, or to suggest a more vigorous leadership. One man who had trained himself for several weeks to tell the President "the truth" went back home shamefacedly. "The President," he said, when he was finally prodded to give the result of his interview, "does not want people to disturb his serenity."

We have not the good fortune of knowing Mr. Harding. We cannot believe that he is a dull man, and yet he certainly is acting as if he expected the party to follow him blithesomely through the slaughter house to an open grave. It must be assumed that the President is an intelligent man, and yet he must know that he has lost the leadership of the Republican party. The party today is disintegrated, voiceless, issueless, and its attitude toward himself is one of amazement, that he doesn't seem to appreciate the seriousness of the situation, that he never seems to consult critical observers who know something of the history of politics

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and have some knowledge of political psychology, and in such consultations as he does have, he shows less wisdom even than when he acts apparently without consultation, as he evidently did in selecting the Permanent Court as an issue on which to ride into popular favor.

It is generally believed that he did consult in this particular case with Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover. I have the highest personal regard for Secretary Hughes and have reasons to believe that he is a friend of mine. He is one of the few men who, I believe, might save the Republican party in 1924,—but never on such an issue as the Permanent Court.

Let us look the matter squarely in the face. From whom has come the praise for the Permanent Court,—step or misstep? Not from Republicans, except possibly "the 31," who in 1920 were against the great mass of the party. Most of the praise has come from the Democrats and from Democratic newspapers like the New York *World* and the New York *Times,* from Democrats who under no circumstances whatsoever would ever give Mr. Harding any political support in an election time. It is quite possible, as it has been stated, that not all the great vote that Mr. Harding received in 1920 was due to the League of Nations, but as far as one could judge this was the leading issue. A great many Republicans feel that Mr. Harding is backsliding on this issue. It is all very well for him to declare that we will not go into the League by the back door or by the front door, but if at the same time he advocates going into the World Court there will be many who will assume that he is ready to go in through the keyhole.

It would seem but fair that we should allow those on either side of the League of Nations to define their respective positions. Those who in 1919 and 1920 made the bitter fight on the League regard the World Court as a concession. Those who fought for the League are so elated over what they consider a split in their enemies' forces that they make no effort to conceal their joy. The absurdity of the

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situation is that the Republicans seem now to be about to abandon the issue on which they rode into victory. To many of the rank and file this seems little less than a betrayal of trust. Mr. Frank A. Munsey, who is somewhat of an expert in revolutions, has even insinuated that it may necessitate a new party movement.

In the meantime, the Hon. Hiram W. Johnson, re-elected Senator from California last year by a remarkable majority, is quietly touring in Europe. One of the last things he said before going aboard ship on March 7th was that he would give no interviews while abroad, but would have something to say when he came back. He will arrive in New York about July 23d. He will be met at the dock by a few friends anxious to know what he thinks of the Republican muddle,—for he has been kept informed while he has been away.

I venture to prophesy that there will be many Republicans from all sections of the country who will eagerly listen to what the distinguished associate of the late Theodore Roosevelt has to say.

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BARNUM AND THE BIRTH RATE

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

IF there is one thing more mythological than an Englishman's idea of the average American, it is the average American's idea of the average American.

The Englishman's picture is based on a variety of misrepresentative facts which are, nevertheless, facts. A large majority of these items were assembled by Dickens in 1840 and have undergone no serious revision since that time. On the contrary, they have received enthusiastic corroboration in the pages of *Punch* from year to year, until now it is practically impossible to convince an English editor that all Americans do not begin their conversations with either "Wa-al, I reckon," or "Wa-al, I cal'late."

To the reputation given us by Dickens for raucous chauvinism and back-slapping has been added the far-from-mute testimony of American tourists in England up to and including the present day. No matter how moderate his behavior may be when roaming his native heath in the United States of America, some chemical change seems to take place in the system of the American traveller as he trips down the gang-plank at Liverpool, with the result that he behaves exactly as an American is expected by Englishmen to behave. It would be no surprise even to hear an American say "Wa-al, I cal'late," in London.

It is on these perfectly legitimate assumptions that the English viewpoint is based. The average American, on the other hand, has a picture of himself which has no foundation outside the super-coated pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *American Magazine*.

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To himself, the typical American is what is known as "a strong character," "a man's man." Keen, alert, and democratic, obsessed by none of the old-world reverence for trumpery, he stands on his two well-shod, man's-size feet, with a black cigar gripped firmly between his teeth, and with a minimum of fuss and a jab at a button or two, brings efficiency and speed to bear on an immediate solution of the problem of the day. Shrewd? Yes. But Yankee shrewdness is hardly a fault in these times. Loud? Well, perhaps. Let us rather say "hail fellow, well-met." No formality. Just a plain, blunt hustler, who *gets things done.* Of such stuff is the typical American made,—in the dreams of the typical American.

Anyone who has lived in America for more than two years and has had the use of even one eye, is in a position to brand both these, the English and native, estimates as fantasies.

Phineas T. Barnum was selected in his day as the genuine representative of his country. Englishmen, thinking of his sharp practices and flamboyant publicity, accused him of being the Arch-American. Americans, thinking of his successful strategies and gigantic achievements, admitted the soft impeachment. Even today there is a slight glow of pride when Barnum is cited as one of us, much as the young father, viewing the havoc wrought by his infant among his toys, reprimands mildly with a chuckling admission that the child is certainly a chip of the old block and "a regular boy."

To point to Barnum, however, as a "typical American" is like pointing to a cat as a typical mouse. The "typical American" was Barnum's meat. Aside from the very obvious fact that you can never call a genius a "typical" anything, unless it be a "typical genius," those characteristics of the great showman by which he made his name (and incidentally, those characteristics through which he lost his fortune) were as distinct from those of most of his countrymen as were the distinguishing traits of the "Feejee Mermaid" with which he astounded them at the rate of thirty-five hundred dollars a month.

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Barnum's outstanding divergence from the representative citizenry was in his attitude toward, and use of, the press of the country. Your typical American, while priding himself on being too cagey to be fooled, especially by "newspaper talk," is probably the easiest prey to the printed word in the world. He is stampeded by it into wars for which he has no initial relish. He is thrown into violent sweats over situations which do not exist, simply because some press-bureau is working day and night to make him think that they do exist. He raises up his heroes and condemns his villains almost entirely on the evidence of eight-point Caslon type arranged by men whom he does not know and whose opinions he would not take in personal conversation for any more than twenty-five cents on the dollar.

This wise, foxy Yankee "sees by the paper" that "these Russians" have sold all little girls under six into slavery, and boils with righteous indignation. After a few such shocks to his sense of justice he is willing to take up a gun and go over and wipe the whole dirty nation off the map. Which is exactly the idea originally in the minds of the "Russian Information Bureau" with headquarters in the Munsey Building, Washington, D. C., who sent the story out, the expenses being paid by "certain parties" interested in the restoration of the old order in Russia. The next day he reads that under the Soviet regime, education in the country districts has doubled its scope and efficiency, giving him just the impression that he was intended to get by the "Soviet Information Bureau" with headquarters at Robespierre Hall, New York City, whose rent is being paid by "certain parties" interested in American recognition of the present order in Russia.

Each day in his paper and magazine he reads and believes probably a dozen "news" stories which either came into the editor's office on the flimsy of some press-bureau marked "For release Thursday" or which were deliberately magnified to their present importance in order to further some campaign being carried on by the editors. These campaigns

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may be for a worthy object, such as the widening of Center Street or the increased efficiency of the Police Department (in the minds of most editors these little distortions and misrepresentations are quite justified by the public good which is expected to result), but the fact remains that, in taking them at their face value and often acting on their inspiration, the self-confessed canny American is just as much of a sucker as Barnum knew him to be when he had dispatches sent to the New York papers from the West telling of Frémont's Wooley Horse, which, oddly enough, turned up for exhibition at Barnum's Museum a few weeks later.

And, even when he has discovered deceit in the bait which he has swallowed, he is nothing loath to open wide again the next time it is offered to him. Each time that an apparently disinterested dispatch or bit of correspondence appeared in the papers calling public attention to the discovery of a new mermaid in the South Seas, or a wooley horse in the West, or a herd of wild buffalos in the Rockies, it was subsequently proved that they had been inspired by Barnum as advance publicity for a contemplated exhibit. And yet they were evidently never questioned when they appeared. Thus today, when Admiral Sims says that most of the stories of German submarine atrocities with which our national press teemed during the war were either deliberate falsehoods or else magnified versions of some small truths, printed to stir up popular enthusiasm in the conflict, or when Mr. Creel, head of the Government's Barnum Department in 1917, admitted that the beautiful story of our first troopship's victory in an encounter with the enemy was a special Fourth of July fabrication sprung on the public at "the psychological moment," when these revelations are made, what happens? The shrewd American blinks slightly, perhaps says, "Well, what do you know about that?" and, if tomorrow Mr. Creel's successor chooses to tell him that all Englishmen eat babies or that French spies are digging a tunnel under the American continent with a view to blow-

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ing it up when the right time comes, Foxy Grandpa Americanus will read the news with popping eyes and call the attention of his wife to the parlous state the rest of the world is in.

It was this one great characteristic of the American of that day, as well as the American of today, which Barnum played on. He was not a typical American, but he knew the typical American, which is an entirely different thing.

Furthermore, if it were necessary further to differentiate him from the rest of his compatriots, we have only to turn to his attitude in the face of abuse. Editors, when they were not falling for his publicity hoaxes, were vitriolic in their denunciations of this "humbug," "rogue," "thief," and "scoundrel." He was damned from one end of the country to the other by indignant correspondents and unsuccessful competitors. And yet he never even wrote a letter to the papers in his own defense. Call your typical American a rogue or a liar and see what happens. He may not actually get around to striking you, but he will use every other means in his power to make you take it back. He will write letters to the *Times;* he will start a back-fire against your own personal record; he will bring suit against you for slander or libel, even if he intends never to press it. No man can call *him* a liar and get away with it.

And yet it was not always that Barnum knew the invectives to be justified that caused him to sit back and accept them smilingly. During his management of the Jenny Lind tour he was accused of pocketing his entire share while allowing the lady to dispense hers in lavish charities. As a matter of fact, he helped her out of his own pocket to make many of these offerings and never said a word of it in reply to his detractors. Werner, in his fascinating biography, "Barnum,"* says:

"It was one of the ingredients of his disposition which contributed to his success that allowed Barnum, with the knowledge that he had contributed largely to Jenny Lind's charities, to enjoy in silence what would have caused most

*"Barnum," by M. R. Werner. Harcourt Brace & Co.

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men to write indignant letters and institute exorbitant libel suits. Barnum was never indignant publicly." This is not only not typical American behavior. It is not typical human behavior.

In failure as well as in success, Barnum violated all the canons of our national creed. We may be gullible when it comes to the printed word, but in our dealings with each other, face to face, we justify all our reputation for business-like caution. In a financial transaction we feel that it is safer to err on the side of mistrust, even though the other party be our best friend. You never can tell. So signatures are witnessed, and all documents are carefully scanned before signing; notes and receipts are demanded and security investigated with all the suspicious meticulousness of a man contending single-handed against a gang of thieves. "Put that in writing," or "get that in the form of a contract" are two of the proudest phrases in circulation. When we have said them we feel American and business-like.

And yet Phineas T. Barnum, the apotheosis of Americanism, after working for ten years to amass a fortune, indorsed it all away with a childish naivete in notes for the Jerome Clock Company, and found himself penniless because of his faith in the honesty of mankind. This catastrophe might have been expected in the life of a dreamer, a poet, or even an impractical literary man like Mark Twain, but it is hard to reconcile with a typical American's career.

It is probably in the various estimates of what constitutes the typical American that the analogy with Barnum falls down. Certain it is that Americans are, as a class, nowhere near so shrewd as they are painted. And, from the facts in the case, neither was Barnum. Both believed what they wanted to believe, Barnum that his business associates were trustworthy, the public that the Wooley Horse really had his head on the wrong end of his body. In this respect, both Barnum and the typical Americans join hands with typical Britishers, typical Germans, and typical Mankind.

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THE WORD OF A BELIEVER

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE impulse responsible for the production of Papini's "Life of Christ" * is evident in every page. Giovanni Papini, like so many others, discovered that the World War was due to instincts and reasonings which were entirely opposed to that one saving doctrine which the whole human race holds more or less obscure in its heart of hearts,—the doctrine of love,—and he sought eagerly for the causes of the hatred that has suppressed love.

Papini's is a keen and philosophical mind,—akin, perhaps, to that other philosophical Latin mind, Michel Unamuno's. But he has more heart, a greater experience of the rapidity of the currents of life; he is a more direct logician. Like the centaur, in the delicately-great poem of Maurice de Guérin, he asks ardently for the causes of things, and one of the things that must have a first cause was the terrible madness that broke out in 1914. He had tried various experiences in philosophy itself; in the philosophy of history and of religion; he had wandered seeking a kindly light, but finding none. At last he realized that all the evils of the modern world are due to the fact that a part of it has forgotten Christ, and another part of it has ceased to fulfil the lessons of the Saviour.

Papini was always courageous and fearless; he wanted to follow truth no matter where truth led him; and, though exceedingly modern, he saw that, once the supernatural mission of Christ was recognized, there could be no conflict between faith and the facts of science, or between any good thing in this world and the teachings of Christ.

*Life of Christ, by Giovanni Papini, freely translated from the Italian by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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He had learned to love Virgil and to dislike Horace, the Epicurean laureate of the Augustin time. This being so, it was not inconsistent that he could accept the promise of a purer life. The splendors of the Old Testament taught him that the prophets were not to be regarded as merely men of genius, whose hopes were invented by themselves. Taking the Old Testament seriously, in the light of Christian revelation, he accepted the Incarnation of Christ; and, further, the tenderness of the Virgin and Mother, the consent of whose will had made her the spouse of God.

The admirers of Papini are still wondering how he could, —at a time when the occult and the preternatural and a belief like that of Cellini in strange spirits, are accepted,— write so boldly, accepting not only the Immaculate Conception, but the Resurrection of the body. The acceptance of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, of whom it was predicted that all men should call her blessed, meant the acceptance of the reality of the fall of man and of the existence of sin. Now, most of the colleagues of Papini, including Maeterlinck, had effaced sin. In the language of the New Psychology, "behaviorism" is a substitute for it.

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning across a confused sky came "The Life of Christ." To Papini's friends and admirers it was a stunning surprise. That he should have found in Christ a great philosopher, who had united the tradition of the Jews to modern life, and to the change which had begun to take place in men's minds as to the qualities of God, and accepted Him as the first of humanitarians would not have amazed them. But when he devoted his splendid gifts to the glorification of Christ as God, and took without reserve the interpretation of the Catholic Church as to the meaning of the life of Christ and the prophecy preceding His birth, there was as great an astonishment as if Voltaire, who once assumed perhaps rather ironically an affiliation with the Franciscan Order, had begun literally to accept the faith of St. Francis of Assisi and to follow in his footsteps. It has been long assumed in

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Protestant countries that the Bible is enough, yet that each man may interpret it to suit himself,—minimizing those expressions which he looks upon as contrary to his reasoning or inclination and magnifying those which suit his heart or his temperament. And this has led to much confusion and to the gradual acceptance of what approaches to "modernism" among intellectual Protestants.

The position of the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant and of Dr. Fosdick in relation to the fundamentalists and to those of the orthodox who are not entirely fundamentalists is a case in point. In countries where a straight line divides the believer from the unbeliever and there is practically no middle ground, the Protestant "moderate" does not exist. It is from this group that Papini springs and there can be only one opinion as to the value of his work; it is a great book. It cannot be called a courageous book or an audacious attack upon what is falsely called the scientific spirit or a defense of the divine character of Christ against men like Abbé Loisy and his school, in France and Italy. It is not the work of an advocate, though it does not lack purely intellectual quality. It is entirely logical, although the faith it enshrines is as undoubting and pure as that of a child. It is a book written from the heart, without dialectic or theological sophistries and the aridity that always accompanies them. Papini takes the ground that Christ is the worker of miracles in the interest of humanity, the divine healer, the friend of the poor, the pitier of the rich, and the hater of wealth.

The Apostle Thomas was a doubter; he was what Matthew Arnold called *l'homme moyen sensuel*. He followed Christ in the hope of being materially convinced of His kingship. It was not even enough that he must see Christ in person after His resurrection; he must feel the flesh of the wounds. Thomas called Didymus, had been conquered by the contagion of faith. He had not been present when his Master had appeared to His disconsolate disciples while they ate. They heard His voice greeting them. His death

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had profoundly shaken them; and He suddenly appeared with the trace of his crucifixion upon Him, yet glorious in aspect. They were simple men. They knew that He had died and they believed that He had risen again in the same body, immortalized. But was it really the Master? Papini says, following the Scriptures:

> To make an end of their last doubts, Jesus asked, "Have ye here any meat?"
>
> He needed no longer any food except that for which He had vainly asked all His life. But these men of the flesh needed a fleshly proof, a material demonstration as was befitting those who believed only in matter and nourished themselves only on matter. They had eaten together on their last evening; this evening also, now that they were again together, He would eat with them. "Have ye here any meat?"
>
> A piece of broiled fish was left in a dish. Simon put it before the Master, who sat down at the table and ate the fish with a piece of bread while they all stared at Him as though it were the first time they had ever seen Him eat.
>
> And when He had finished, He raised His eyes towards them, and, "Are you convinced now, or do you still not understand: does it seem possible to you that a spirit can eat as I have eaten here in your presence? So many times I have been forced to reprove your hardness of heart, and your little faith. And behold you are still as you were at first, and you were not willing to believe those who had seen me, and yet I had hid nothing of what was to happen in these days. But you, deaf and forgetful, hear and then forget, read and do not understand. When I was with you, did I not tell you that all things which were written and which I announced must be fulfilled; that it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead on the third day and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at

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> Jerusalem? Now you are witnesses of these things, and behold I send the promise of my Father upon you. Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature. All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth, and as the Father sent me, I send ye. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. He that believeth not shall be damned. I will remain here a little and we shall meet again in Galilee, but I am with you alway even unto the end of the world.

If there are two points in this story of the life and death of Christ which Papini emphasizes more than others, they are, first the truth of the resurrection,—the fact that Christ fulfilled the divine law that the souls and bodies of beings whom God created in his own image and likeness shall arise again with bodies changed, and yet the same; that all the god-like beauty of humanity shall be restored in each being, as it was retained in Christ,—and second, that as all the first part of His prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem was fulfilled, so the second part of His prophecy, relating to His second coming, is certain of fulfilment. Christians in latter times have, as a rule, passed lightly over the assurance of His second coming to earth. Papini restores the picture of this second coming with the fire of his warmth and eloquence.

It is a pity that the hasty interpreters of the Bible give, perhaps unconsciously, the impression that Christ hated the Jews, and lived for the extirpation of this race which among all the peoples of the older world stood alone for the existence of one God. It was the corruption of the Jew,—"lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds,"—that Christ met with absolute condemnation. The degradation of the holy city seemed to cry to heaven for vengeance. Nearly all the inhabitants of the city of Jerusalem lived by religion. The sacred temple had become the centre of priestly graft, scholastic monopoly, and the tricks of business. Only in

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Jerusalem could valid offerings be made to Jehovah; and on the great feast days the Israelites crowded the city.

The silversmiths of Ephesus who found that St. Paul interfered with their business were less outraged than the great crowds of the citizens of Jerusalem who made the temple, the very sanctuary of the Lord, a place for barter and sale.

In Christ's time, says Papini, there were at least twenty thousand descendants of Aaron who lived in Jerusalem from the tithes,—from the five shekels paid by the parents on the appearance of each first-born. And then there were the Levites who were also of the priestly caste, the animal sellers, the money-changers in the temple itself, and the innkeepers. Many of the priests had become merchants themselves; and any man who attacked the temple which, in defiance of the command of Jehovah, had become a mere market, was naturally an enemy of the rich, and of all those who gained their living and their profits from the degradation of this glorious building. It was the animal-seller and money-changer who resented first His curses against the venal Scribes and Pharisees. But when he drove the avaricious and the profiteers from the temple with whips, and predicted the fall of the centre of their trade, Caiaphas, who was that year the High Priest, met the Sanhedrim in order that Christ should perish to save the privileges of the powerful.

Caiaphas put it in a more sophistical way; he did not represent it as the determination of a caste to preserve its privileges. He said it was just that one man should die for the people and that the whole nation should not perish. When he said these words Caiaphas did not realize that he was expressing the truth that only the pure can cancel the debts of the ignoble, "that only God in His infinite magnificence can expiate the sins which man has committed against Him; this thought seems to man the height of madness exactly because the height of divine wisdom certainly did not flash out in the souls of the Sadducees when he threw

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to his sixty accomplices the sophism destined to silence their last remorse."

Papini in this book has followed the methods of the Old Masters of Italy,—of those schools which, like that of Fra Angelico, saw Christ lovingly among human beings. When he approaches Christ, he has much of the brotherly and splendid spirit of St. Francis of Assisi and of the authors of the "Little Flowers"; but of that kind of simplicity which becomes simpleness he has no touch. He is always a man of the modern world who has found a remedy in eternal love, and who finds that that is the only hope for salvation in a civilization that has begun to commit suicide.

Without exaggeration, without an undue exercise of imagination into which his method of treatment might have betrayed him, Papini pictures very humanly the figures of the time, the customs of the time, the traditions of the time, and the humanity of the characters that are part of the picture in which the Saviour is the central character. He pierces the heart of many mysteries, but the mystery of Judas he cannot pierce. The philosophy of Jesus taught that a man must damn himself or he could not be damned. When Satan entered into Judas, he must have gone into the heart of this apostle through his will. His treatment of the mystery of Judas is a fine example of his power of expression and of his knowledge of the human heart.

Nothing that Papini says in this book is essentially new, but no man of feeling, doubter or not, can fail to see the beauty and the splendor of the "Life of Christ." Without an effort, he makes you live among human beings who are essentially the same to this day. You feel the atmosphere, as he feels it, and you read the hearts of the people. That an Incarnation should take place, that a man should be born of a Virgin, was prefigured in the corrupted myths of Leda and the swan, and of Danae and the shower of gold; the idea of sacrifice was in the symbol of Iphigenia and in the story of Epimenides the wise; and at Curium, in Cyprus,

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at Terracina, at Marseilles, every year a man threw himself into the sea as a sacrifice for the sins of the community.

Papini does not find in the New Testament the basis of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, but he accepts it as logical; the Virgin, who accepted the will of God and gave birth to the Saviour of the world, was not tainted by the wilful rebellion of the beginners of the race of men!

Those ladies and gentlemen who, when they are settled at Monte Mario, will begin the task of making Italy dry after the American evangelical plan, will be shocked by Papini's description of the wedding at Cana and of the celebration of the Eucharist,—the latter being one of the most moving and appealing pictures in the book; but if there is anything more beautiful in modern literature than the description of the acceptance of the Magdalen of the loving rule of Christ, it will require some research to find it.

This "Life of Christ" is a book for everybody who believes that the essence of life must be love, and that love purified by sacrifice.

BRAVADO

By Robert Louis Burgess

When I am dead, let men but say:
A gallant feaster went this way;
The sea was but his bowl of wine,
The stars his table candleshine,
The winds his servants whipping up
Savor of fruitage for his cup,
Fair women but embroidery
Upon his banquet napkinery,
High God the Keeper of the Inn
Who laughed to hear his festal din,
And death the final rich delight
For a great feaster's appetite.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

MR. HENRY GODDARD LEACH, who with this issue becomes the Editor in Chief of THE FORUM, has had a distinguished career in a department of scholarship into which comparatively few Americans have ventured. While Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a Scandinavian scholar and his love for the Northern literature had a great influence upon both himself and his work, the country in general had remained in ignorance of the great wealth of literature in the Scandinavian countries until the studies of Edmund Gosse in England and Hjalmar H. Boyeson in this country began to open up the beauties of one of the most stimulating divisions of European literature.

When one thinks that within the year Edmund Gosse has written for THE FORUM, there is something to marvel at when one is confronted with a copy of his book published in 1879 in which he calls the attention of the English speaking world to the then unknown merits of Ibsen,—even of Wergeland,—and dedicates his book to a critic whose name, like that of Ibsen, was soon to be internationally famous,—that of Georg Brandes.

To the present writer, these are some of the most fascinating names in literature, bringing back as they do the delightful days of the early 90's when the writer, as a youthful assistant to James G. Huneker and Vance Thompson, was having a strenuous and vociferous, if not important, part in the battle for the plays of Ibsen, the criticism of Lemaître and Brandes, the philosophy—alas! of Neitzsche.

Mr. Leach's interest and scholarship has lead him, however, to make a specialty not only of the literature, life, and manners, but interestingly, even of the industries and the business of the Scandinavian peoples, attacking all aspects

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with the spirit of the artist, to which has been added something of the fervor of the patriot. For, unusual in a man devoting himself to a department of foreign scholarship, Mr. Leach has had his interest in things American increased rather than diminished by his chosen line of studies.

It was this combination of the practical with the intellectual that lead to Mr. Leach becoming the editor of the *American-Scandinavian Review,* of which he made a notable success both from the point of view of able and comprehensive editing and the very important business side.

To those, therefore, who feel that THE FORUM is something more than a mere venture in typothetae, his new editorial undertaking is particularly grateful. We, who in the past few years have worked to bring the magazine to its original influence feel that the new strong hand at the helm will bring satisfactions not only personal, but, for the public, a stimulating leadership in matters intellectual that should be as welcome as needful. G. H. P.

During the past three years THE FORUM has been directed by an editor who, for his versatility, might have lived in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." There is something, one might say, of the engaging buccaneer about George Henry Payne, which every day wins for him new friends and new ideas. Few men know more about the internal machinery of our contemporary American politics. Mr. Payne's management of Roosevelt's New York campaign in 1912, his own candidacy for the United States Senate, and his present public positions as Tax Commissioner of New York City and head of a metropolitan bank have added rich exeperiences to that knowledge of men which he has exhibited in his literary work as writer of plays and books of criticism; and it is only on condition that Mr. Payne stands by the magazine as Associate Editor and regular contributor that the new editor has consented to take his turn at the helm.

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Under Mr. Payne's editorship THE FORUM has obtained articles from some of the ablest statesmen and authors of America and Europe, men who are shaping the destinies of today. Lord Charnwood, Gertrude Atherton, and Maurice Hewlett are among our recent contributors, as well as Frederic Harrison, Count Tolstoy, Edmund Gosse, Herbert Hoover, and Maurice Francis Egan.

The enlarged editorial board proposes to develop THE FORUM according to its traditional policy as a true forum of the written word, a forum for debate, for adjustment, for prophecy. More than some of our contemporaries, THE FORUM will endeavor to present other than one side of the compelling issues of the day. We believe in the right of free discussion and the advantage of giving the rostrum to the other fellow and hearing him speak out all there is in him about his point of view. Regarding our international duty alone, there are in America today at least five distinct and well formulated states of mind clamoring for explanation. Only by giving ear to all reasonable convictions can the American people arrive at any intelligent adjustment. Our readers will be invited to take part in the debate by contributing their opinions by letter, and the editors also, with proper deference, reserve the right of stating where they stand.

Science will not be ignored in THE FORUM, nor art, nor the problems of the modern feminist. The suggestive essays on education begun by William George Jordan will be continued by Alexander Meiklejohn and others.

THE FORUM sounds no exultant paean of American perfection. We shall weigh many of our supposed achievements in the balance and find them wanting. But we are inclined toward optimism. Four years ago in his memorial address to his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Payne voiced his belief in the ultimate success of American democracy. And we believe, despite the burden of our national shortcomings, that the brief span of one hundred and fifty years has not been a fair period of trial; for even in that

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time our democracy has accomplished more toward the development of the average man than any other system of government hitherto established. The policy of THE FORUM will be critical but constructive, seeking less to expose the worst than to discover the best and exhibit it for following. H. G. L.

THE FORUM is glad to give space to the discussion of the fundamentals of Christian faith. As long as this controversy is conducted without acrimony, it indicates a healthy condition of American religious life. We agree with Mr. Bryan in so far as he maintains that Christianity is subject to definition. Christianity is neither Buddhism nor Greek ethics; it should be based on the teachings of the gospels and not pretend to include all other systems of thought, however good and noble they may be. On the other hand, we believe Mr. Bryan mistaken in setting up as fundamental, statements of physical fact. States of mind in the development of a religion are more fundamental and more historic than miracles.

In a joint statement issued the other day, a group of leading divines and scientists of the nation maintained that science and religion meet distinct human needs, and in the rounding out of human life they supplement rather than displace or oppose each other.

"The purpose of science," they affirm, "is to develop, without prejudice or preconception of any kind, a knowledge of the facts, the laws, and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind. Each of these two activities represents a deep and vital function of the soul of man, and both are necessary for the life, the progress, and the happiness of the human race.

"It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals

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of religion, when it represents Him as revealing Himself through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man and in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his God-like powers."

To assert that religion must pay no heed to the progress of science is to set up the same sort of defense as the ostrich who hides his head in the sand.

THE KLEPTOMANIC

By LEONORA SPEYER

She stole his eyes because they shone,
Stole the good things they looked upon;
—They were no brighter than her own.

She stole his mouth,—her own was fair,—
She stole his words, his songs, his prayer;
His kisses too, since they were there.

She stole the journeys of his heart,
—Her own, their very counterpart,—
His seas, his sails, his course, his chart.

She stole his strength so fierce and true,
—Perhaps for something brave to do,—
Wept at his weakness, stole that too.

But she was caught one early morn!
She stood red-handed and forlorn,
And stole his anger and his scorn.

Upon his breast she laid her head,
Refusing to be comforted;
"Unkind! Unkind!" was all she said;

Denied she stole; confessed she did;
Glad of such plunder to be rid;
—Clutching the place where it was hid.

As he forgave, she snatched his soul;
She did not want it,—but she stole.

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